HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXXI.—No. 1597. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1887. TEN CENTS A COPY. WITH A SUPPLEMENT.

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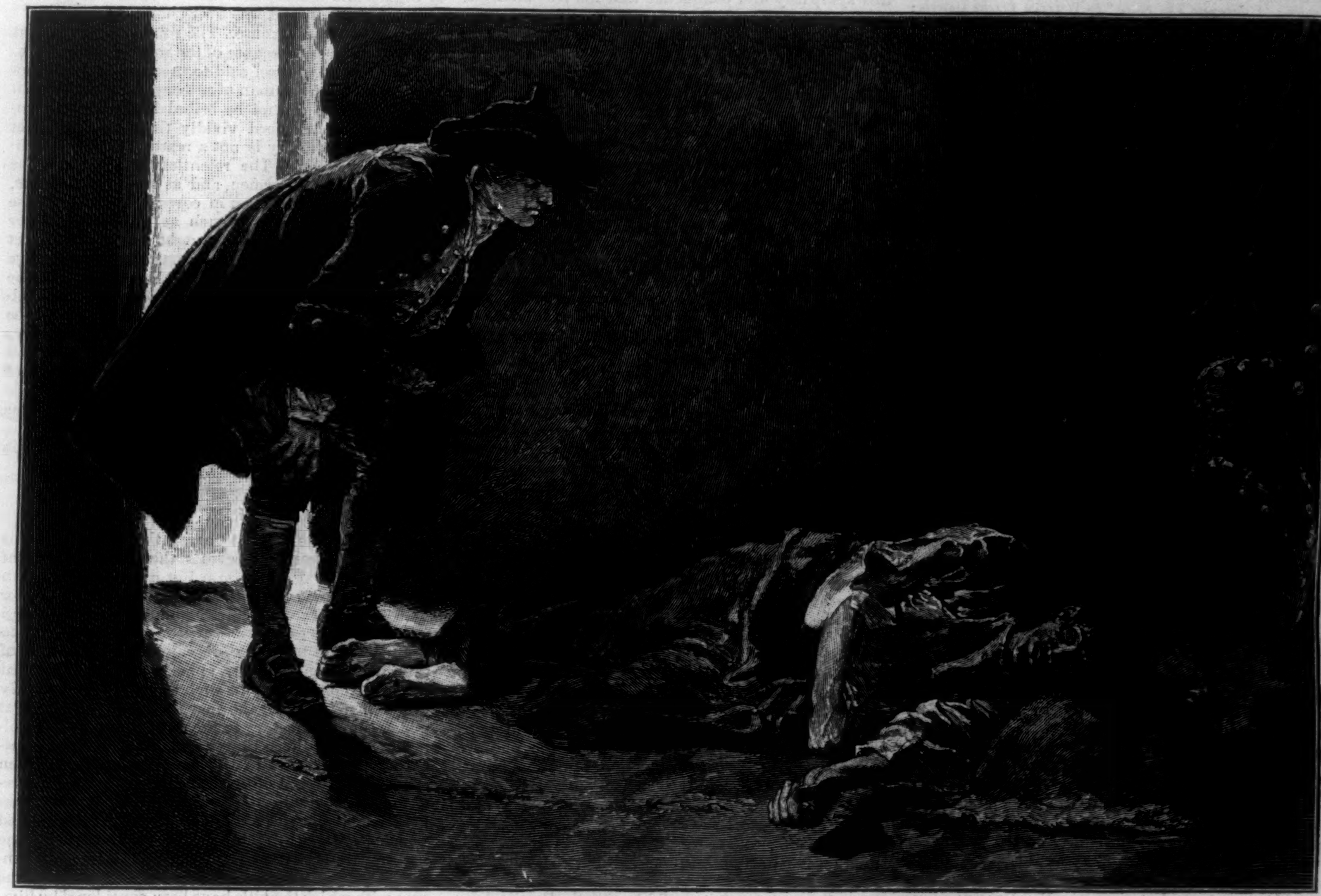

"THERE, IN THE CORNER, I BEHELD THE FAMOUS PIRATE, CAPTAIN EDWARD ENGLAND."

THE ROSE OF PARADISE,*

Being a detailed account of certain adventures that happened to Captain John Mackra, in connection with the famous pirate Edward England, in the year 1720, off the Island of Jehanna, in the Mozambique Channel; writ by himself, and now for the first time published.

By HOWARD PYLE.

XIV.—(*Continued.*)

I was in a great ferment of spirits at all this, for I perceived very clearly that England was mightily sick, and perhaps dying, with that dangerous fever known as the "black tongue," from which it is a rare thing for a man to recover with his life.

I observed that the fellow who had lately come into the ordinary did not join in the game along with the rest, but sat looking on. By-and-by I contrived to catch his eye as he glanced in my direction, whereupon I beckoned to him, and he came over to the table where I sat. Only a few words passed between us, and those in a very low tone.

"Is Ned England all alone?" said I.

"Yes," said he.

"Will you show me where he is?" said I.

He shot a quick look at me from under his brows. "How much will you give?" said he.

"A guinea," said I.

He shook his head. "Not enough," said he.

"Five," said I.

"I'll do it."

"When?"

"To-morrow morning."

That was all that passed, and then he moved away and joined the others at the table.

The next morning I purchased a good large pistol from mine host; for I saw that with such companions as I was like to fall in with I would need some sort of weapon to protect myself. Having loaded it with a brace of slugs, I thrust it in my belt, and then stepped out of the door, where I found my acquaintance of the night before waiting for me.

"Are you ready?" said I.

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1590.

"Yes," said he, "I am; but I must see the color of your money before I go a single step."

"It is yellow," said I, and held five guineas out in the palm of my hand.

When he saw them his eyes shone like coals and his fingers began to twitch. "Hand 'em over," says he, "and I'll take ye straight."

"No, no," said I; "avast there, shipmate. You get your money when I see Captain Edward England, and not before."

"So be it," says he. "Lay your course straight ahead yonder, and I'll follow after and tell you how to go."

I looked coolly into the fellow's face, and could not help grinning. "Why," says I, "to tell the truth, shipmate" (here I drew my pistol out of my belt and cocked it), "I have no appetite for a knife betwixt the ribs; so you'll just march ahead, and if you try any of your tricks I'll put a brace of bullets through your head as sure as you're alive."

The fellow looked at me for a while in a puzzled sort of way; then he grinned, and swinging on his heel, strode away, I following close behind him with the pistol ready cocked in my hand. We went onward in this way for about half a mile, until we came to a little hut that stood by itself beyond the rest of the town. My guide stopped short about fifty paces away from the hut. "There's where you'll find Ned England," said he, "and I'll go no further for twice five guineas, for I've no notion of catching the black tongue; and if you'll hearken to a bit of advice, shipmate, you'll give it a wide berth yourself."

I felt assured the fellow was telling me the truth, so I paid him his five guineas, and then turned away and left him standing where he was, and as I stopped in front of the hut and looked back I saw that the man was yet standing in the very same spot, staring after me.

I may confess that I myself was somewhat overcome with fear of the dreadful disease, wherefore I stood for a moment before I knocked upon the door. But I presently rallied myself, calling to mind that this was the only means of recovering the Rose of Paradise, even if it was at the risk of my own life; therefore I knocked loudly on the door with the butt of my pistol.

My guide, who stood still in the same place, called out to me that there was no one to hear my knocking; so I pushed open the door and entered the hut.

For a while I saw nothing, for it was very dark within. But I heard a hoarse and chattering voice, scarce above a whisper, crying continually, "Hard a-lee!—hard a-lee!—hard a-lee!"

Presently mine eyes became accustomed to the gloom, and I might see the things around more clearly. There, in the corner of the room, lying upon a mat of filthy rags, his body almost a skeleton, his bloodshot eyes glaring out from under his matted hair, I beheld the famous pirate, Captain Edward England.

XV.

I may truly say that when I saw the doleful state of the poor wretch, and how he lay there without so much as a single soul to moisten his lips or to give him a draught of cold water, I forgot mine own troubles for the time being and thought only of his pitiable condition.

I sometimes misdoubt whether I should have felt grieved for such a wicked and bloody man, who had for years done nothing but commit the most dreadful crimes, such as murther and piracy and the like, yet seeing him thus prostrated, lying helpless, and deserted by all his kind, I could not help my bowels being stirred by compassion; wherefore I thought neither of the danger from his fever, nor of the many grievous injuries which he had done, both to myself and to others, but only of relieving his present distresses.

[*Continued on page 538.*]

"HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is brimful of exhilaration and amusement gauged to the capacities of its numerous *clientèle*."—*The Churchman, New York.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The number for July 26 contains the second instalment of the serial for boys entitled "Derrick Sterling, a Story of the Mines," by KIRK MUNROE, author of "The Flamingo Feather," etc. It is accompanied by an excellent full-page illustration drawn by W. A. ROGERS.

The series of articles entitled "Bicycling in Wild Countries" is followed in this number by one of a practical character:

BICYCLE CHAT FOR BOYS,

BY THOMAS STEVENS,

AUTHOR OF "AROUND THE WORLD ON A BICYCLE."

"The Girl in Green Delaine" is the title of a story by MARGARET E. SANGSTER. Other articles are, "Trap-door Spiders," by LOUISE HERRICK; A Japanese Fox Story," by WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS; and "The Cruise of the Fleet," a poem, by DORA READ GOODALE.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1887.

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT is issued gratuitously with this number of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

MR. SHERMAN AND THE OHIO REPUBLICANS.

WHETHER the friends of Mr. SHERMAN upon consultation with him decide to ask the Ohio Convention to present him to the country as a candidate for the Presidency or not, all the facts show that he is by no means the unanimous choice of Ohio Republicans. It was not necessary for the Toledo *Blade* to poll its Republican readers in the country to learn the drift of Republican sentiment. It all tends one way. The situation requires a certain personal enthusiasm for the candidate. It was practicable in 1860 to arouse Republican enthusiasm for Mr. LINCOLN, although he was comparatively little known, and although his nomination involved the defeat of the most conspicuous Republican candidate, Mr. SEWARD, because the cause itself was inspiring, and any fit candidate was invested with the enthusiasm which it awakened. It was a campaign of the most intense feeling, but it was feeling for an idea, for a principle, for a cause. But now the conditions are very different. The contest next year will be for power, not for principles or ideas or causes, and the enthusiasm must be supplied by the personality of the candidate.

Probably nobody doubts that if the Republican Convention should be held to-morrow it would break out irrepressibly into shouts for BLAINE, and he would be nominated by acclamation. Certainly nobody supposes that there would be any enthusiasm whatever for SHERMAN or ALLISON or HARRISON, or for any one but BLAINE. The conviction in the party which opposed most strenuously the BLAINE movement in 1884 will not be represented in the Convention. The SHERMAN candidacy would be one of respect and calculation, but that is not the kind which stands against a lava stream of personal devotion. There are undoubtedly many Republicans who would prefer defeat with BLAINE to success with any other candidate. They will push the assertion that to put aside as unavailable the one man who is the plumed knight of the Republican host will be a confession that he was beaten for Mulliganian reasons, and that that would be base for a Republican Convention. Moreover, to set him aside would be a deference to the hated Mugwumps. It would give them the chance to say that they had prevented the nomination. They might even resort to the dreadful taunt that the Republicans did not dare to renominate him.

These are not in themselves powerful arguments, but in a nominating Convention, where it is known that the cause itself will not awaken enthusiasm, they would be very effective. The argument that Mr. BLAINE has had his chance and failed would not be admitted to be of weight, in view of the fact that the change of a few hundred votes in New York would have altered the result in 1884. Indeed, for every plea against Mr. BLAINE'S nomination there will be apparently a strong counter plea, and there is one consideration which makes it most probable. Nothing in the record of the party since 1884 shows that Mr. BLAINE has ceased in any degree to be its representative. His nomination, indeed, was held to be a grave misfortune by many Republicans who yet voted for him; but their feeling has not affected the party. During the time since that election the party has done nothing whatever to regain any respect or confidence that it had lost, but, on the contrary, it is more truly a BLAINE party to-day than ever before. It has even tended to alienate BLAINE Republicans from Mr. SHERMAN that he was supposed to be not distasteful to the Mugwumps. This conviction has weakened him as a candidate, and even if the Ohio Convention should declare for him, recent events in the State have demonstrated that his opponents there are quite as positive and active in the State, if not as numerous in the Convention, as his friends. Mr. SHERMAN'S service to the party and the country has been very much greater than Mr. BLAINE'S, but he has never gained such a hold as Mr. BLAINE'S upon its sympathy and enthusiasm.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE PEOPLE.

THE President in his little excursions evidently makes a very pleasant impression. The simplicity and sincerity of his speeches and the heartiness of his manner are very characteristic, and he maintains the dignity of his office while he wins the sympathy of Mr. LINCOLN'S "plain people." It is in this sympathy and confidence that his true strength lies. He is not perhaps, as an indignant Democratic journal says, the most unpopular man in the Democratic party, but he is none the less strong because he is not grossly praised by every Democratic paper and politician. He is not strong as a partisan, but as a patriot; that is to say, the general feeling in regard to him is that he is an upright man and magistrate, who, while a Democrat, is yet devoted assiduously to the interests of the country rather than of a party, and who seeks to serve his party by promoting the public welfare. This feeling is not seriously disturbed by the fact that he has permitted a very general party change in the civil service, because it is believed that he has probably done as well as any man in his position could have done.

We do not agree with this view, because his position in the very point of the general confidence of which we speak is different from that of a mere party President. The President, as we believe, could have arrested the change in the public service at an equilibrium without any more alienation of his party, and with the cordial general support of the country; but we suppose that he has thought it expedient to yield to party pressure to prevent what he has believed would be his isolation and his consequent impotence. We believe this to be the explanation, rather than that he has constantly and publicly professed what he does not think, and that he is a scheming politician dexterously hoodwinking his friends. Nothing in his character or career justifies this view. He is a direct and not an indirect man. His courage has been proved, and the especial distinction of his political life is his public spirit. Some other explanation than mere duplicity must be sought for the great change in the service of which we have recently given some of the details, and which is a serious disappointment to many of the President's truest friends.

The favorable general impression which he has made as an able, intelligent, industrious, and patriotic rather than partisan Executive is the platform upon which, in the event of his renomination, he will stand before the country. His nomination would proceed, of course, from the Democratic party, and that party would gain the advantage, as in 1884, of selecting a candidate who is his own platform. The nomination of no other man in the party could possibly be so strong as that of Mr. CLEVELAND, because any other nomination would be practically the disapproval of the CLEVELAND administration, and he is not a sagacious Democrat who thinks that his party would probably win upon such a platform. No number of votes gained from Bourbon Democrats for another candidate could atone for the loss of the votes that would follow the repudiation of Mr. CLEVELAND. If those who anticipated from his administration a more positive advance of reform are disappointed, it is not because they feel that reform would have gained by the election of Mr. BLAINE.

A JUST JUDGE.

A JUDGE is not to be praised for doing his duty, but it is fortunate for a community when it has such a magistrate as Judge BARRETT. When it was known that he would preside at the trial of JACOB SHARP there was universal satisfaction, because it was known that, so far as the judge was concerned, justice would be done. There was a time when it was known that certain judges in the city were the minions of the corrupt cabal that controlled municipal administration, and when it seemed as if all the safeguards of society were to fall into the power of the cabal. Even the Governor of the State was known as the Ring Governor, and the situation was one of extreme peril for orderly society. Happily the evil spell was broken for the time, but it is constantly liable to be renewed, and there is no more effective check to it than an able and incorruptible bench. Since the overthrow of the TWEED Ring there has been no more important event in the ever-recurring contest with public corruption than the investigation of the Broadway Railroad swindle, and the prosecution and punishment of the bribed Aldermen, and at last of the chief briber.

How much of the good result is due to Judge BARRETT, as in the TWEED trial to Judge DAVIS, is familiarly known. Every legal device, every sentimental appeal—for anything else was hopeless—has been tried in vain. The judge fixed his eye and mind upon the essential facts, and in his address at the sentence of SHARP he disposed with half-contemptuous conclusiveness of all the tricks and sophistries with which it had been sought to confuse the situation. Very properly, as in every case, the recommendation to mercy, the health of the convict, whatever might be reasonably considered, were remembered, and the sentence was felt to be peculiarly just, and marked the enormity of the crime. As we have heretofore said, SHARP was taught by experience to think that he could buy the legislation that he desired for his own advantage. He knew that such bargains were constantly made, and that in every Legislature "the lobby" is largely an agency for bribery. Honesty in politics and among public men he did not believe to exist, and the demand for it he saw treated by party organs and orators as Pharisaic cant. He drifted with the current, and was overwhelmed.

All this is not an excuse. The robber who is caught is not to suffer less because of the robbers who escape. When SHARP'S counsel said to the jury that the people cannot convict a man of bribery until they put in office men who cannot be bribed he made no argument, but he described vividly the situation. Yet general corruptibility is not a reason for not punishing the corrupter. The relentless gathering of the toils about the Aldermen, and at last about SHARP, has impressed the dealers in corruption with a sense of risk and uncertainty such as they have never known. They have been taught profound respect for the law which can reach them, and for the judge who fearlessly administers it. But how deep the evil is may be inferred from the almost universal feeling, when these trials began, that nothing would be done. It was secretly believed that the influences which controlled the Aldermen would easily control the jury. Such a feeling is evidence of a sense of deep-seated and general corruptibility. The consequences of such corruptibility Judge BARRETT has forcibly stated. The reasons of it lie largely in the practice of regarding public office, not as a public trust, but as a personal and political prize.

THE GRAND ARMY AND POLITICS.

THE desperate effort to array the Union veterans against the President reveals the great poverty of plausible cries against him. But it is an effort which is easily disposed of by the facts. No other reason for ill feeling toward Union soldiers upon his part can possibly be alleged than that it might be supposed to commend him to the ex-brigadiers. The silliness of this supposition, however, appears from the fact that such a demonstration for such a purpose is obviously unnecessary, because the fact that he is a Democrat makes him satisfactory to the dominant political feeling of the Southern States, and his personal acceptability to that part of the country has never been doubted. But not only is it unnecessary for the President to display hostile feeling to the veterans, even if he had it, but not a word or act can be designated which shows such feeling. His vetoes of about one hundred and thirty private pension bills justify themselves. No one can read them without perceiving the care with which the bills have been considered by him, and the utter carelessness with which they were passed by Congress. In some cases the President has pointed out that the bills would actually injure the benefit which the pensioners were already receiving. Not one of them shows anything but the highest sense of duty to the people and the sincerest respect for the honest soldier.

The veto of the dependent pension bill was unquestionably approved by the general intelligent sentiment of the country. The argument was fully stated in the press as well as in the veto message. The same uproar would have arisen had the President vetoed any bill whatever which proposed to give any amount of public money under the name of pensions, and the uproar then as now would have been largely political and partisan. Many of the bravest veterans in the country approved the veto upon the ground that just and ample provision is made for pensions, and that this bill was a stroke at the public treasury tending to make mendicants of soldiers, and to degrade their patriotic service into a mercenary transaction. In allusion to the political use of the vetoes, the President said, with entire truth, "The blatant and noisy self-assertion of those who, from motives that may be well suspected, declare themselves above all others friends of the soldiers cannot belittle the calm, steady, and affectionate regard of a grateful nation."

It appears from careful investigation that President CLEVELAND, who is represented as the enemy of the soldiers, has approved, within the two years and five months of his administration, seventy-seven more private pension bills than Presidents GRANT and HAYES approved in twelve years, and one hundred and twenty-seven more than Presidents GARFIELD and ARTHUR approved in four years. Upon the same careful inquiry it is stated that he has appointed more ex-Union soldiers to office than any other President, and he has approved various acts increasing the pensions of Union soldiers, and of their widows, minors, and relatives. Moreover, there have been 139,180 more pen-

sion certificates issued in the first two years of the present Democratic administration than in the preceding two years of a Republican administration. In the same time there has been an increase of more than $16,000,000 in disbursements on account of pensions, and a net gain of 15,408 pensioners upon the rolls, in favor of the Democratic administration. The cry against the President upon this subject is political. It is an attempt to prostitute the Grand Army of the Republic into a partisan agency. But intelligent citizens see that it is not the ex-Confederate brigadiers who are fostering sectional hatred, and attempting to rekindle for a party purpose the passions of the war.

PUBLIC CARE OF THE INSANE.

MAYOR HEWITT'S doubts in regard to the lunatic asylum at Ward's Island seem to have been fully justified by the investigation conducted by the State Board of Charities. The details of testimony were laid before the public every morning by the press, and the general impression is undoubtedly correct that there has been a great deal of recklessness and cruelty among the attendants of the institution. The buildings are much overcrowded. Dr. MACDONALD says that there are four hundred more patients than they will hold comfortably.

The inmates of such a hospital are always at a sad disadvantage. They are the only persons who can really know the truth in regard to their treatment, but their evidence is always invalidated as that of crazy people. President SIMMONS said that there is great difficulty in obtaining proper attendants. The wages are small, and there is no promotion. They are paid twenty-two dollars per month, and their working day is thirteen hours. Their sleeping-rooms are uncomfortable, and each of them has charge of twenty or twenty-four patients, when twelve are quite as many as should be intrusted to one attendant.

Dr. MACDONALD said that the patients are not only overcrowded, but that they have not a proper variety of food. Thirty-two cents are allowed for the daily support of each patient, and meat must be bought at four cents a pound. No strait-jacket and no restraint by violence are permitted by the rules. But the trouble lies in what is done without permission and without knowledge. The glimpse into this institution shows the probable abuse and suffering in all similar institutions, and the imperative need of prompt and effective relief. The Board of Charities and Correction must insist upon the granting of such relief in every necessary detail, or be held responsible for a betrayal of a most important public trust.

THE COLOR QUESTION IN GEORGIA.

A BILL has been introduced in the Legislature of Georgia making it an offence punishable with imprisonment and the ball and chain for teachers or officers of public schools to admit white pupils into colored schools or colored pupils into white schools. The bill, it is said, is due to the proposition of the authorities of the Atlanta Colored University to admit white scholars. Mr. GLEN, who introduced the bill, argued that the annual State appropriation of $8000 to the university is intended for the sole benefit of colored pupils, and that it is the policy of the State to separate the races in schools and colleges. A letter in the New York *Tribune*, however, says that the State appropriated a national grant exclusively to the benefit of white pupils, and that the allowance to the Colored University is to be regarded as virtually a national gift, and not a State bounty.

The question of the two races is one of the most perplexing in the late Slave States. But as their actual separation by the emigration of either of them is obviously impracticable, and as they must live together, the less that their association is regulated by law, the better it will be for both. The law, if it interferes, must be made by one or the other of the two races, and cannot therefore be satisfactory. But social intercourse regulates itself. If there be a strong desire upon the part of one race not to associate with the other, the other cannot insist upon association, because it would be impracticable.

When, however, the association is natural, it should be encouraged and not prohibited. There is no instinctive race antipathy, as is proved by children, and the true policy in communities where the two races coexist is to permit the question of the relation between them to settle itself. A superior race certainly does not need to protect itself by law against an inferior. The present feeling in Georgia upon both sides generally prefers separate schools. But in the individual instances where the feeling does not exist it should plainly not be encouraged by law.

"SOCIAL EQUALITY."

THE question of color appears not only in the schools, but in the Grand Army and in the Church. In Charleston the delegates of a majority of the Episcopal churches of the diocese withdrew from the Convention of the Church because of the admission of colored clergymen, and hold that such admission was not contemplated by the Constitution of the Church, and that it tends "to force negro social equality upon the people." But that the Convention admitted the colored clergymen, and that the diocese is apparently equally divided upon the subject, are good signs of a rapidly increasing reasonable spirit. Social equality cannot be forced upon any body or community.

In Louisiana the colored Union soldiers are aggrieved because they have been refused admission to Grand Army posts, or authority to form posts of their own. The Commander of the Department of the Gulf, in the Grand Army, explains that upon due consideration it was thought inexpedient to grant the application, but that the authorities are not obliged to give reasons. But the Commander denied that color was the reason—a statement which we leave to Apella.

This exclusion shows that the prejudice of color is not confined to Democrats, for we presume the Grand Army of the Gulf is largely or mainly Republican. Neither is it local or sectional, for it is equally apparent in the Northern States. It is something which law ought not to recognize, and which no association organized for general objects should encourage. If the colored man be inferior, his inferiority will determine his status, as it does in the case of a white man. If he be not inferior, why should his color determine it?

FRENCH REPUBLICANISM.

REPUBLICAN politics in France are always seriously troubled. The government is assailed on one side by the monarchists, and on the other by the Reds or anarchists, calling themselves Communists. The situation, therefore, is always half revolutionary. It is not that of an administration opposed by a party which seeks to succeed it in administration, but by parties which seek to overthrow the government itself and substitute another. The Reds are almost as hostile to the conservative Republican *régime* as the Monarchists, and the danger of that *régime* is that it is apparently accepted rather than desired.

THIERS, who was the most sagacious of recent French statesmen, said that the republic was evidently the form of government which was upon the whole felt to be best, and for that reason he supported it. But the main Republican enthusiasm in France has been always among those who meant much more than a republic. Respect for the minority and liberty strictly regulated by law are not the principles of a republic as understood by Frenchmen who have distinctively called themselves Republicans. Republicanism has been synonymous with Socialism, and recently with the Commune.

The uncertain situation is shown by the popular idolatry of BOULANGER. He is a general who has never won a battle, but apparently he has it in his power to proclaim himself dictator, with a dangerously strong following, and this following would vociferously declare itself to be especially Republican. The task of wise Republicans is to teach France that the Red Republic is not Republican, but a savage despotism, and that the spirit which now shouts for BOULANGER, in its desire of a dictator or a man of destiny, is essentially anti-Republican.

MR. GLADSTONE'S RETORT.

MR. GLADSTONE retorts upon the Tories and Unionists that it is they who are laboring, however honestly and unconsciously, to disunite the British people. He turns back the cry of separatism which has been the chief reproach to his position, and argues that it is not the outstretched friendly hand, but the clenched fist raised for a blow, which obstructs good understanding. This is not unreasonable, and the late by-elections in England seem to show that it is a view which is acceptable to the English people.

The Tory presentation of the case assumes that the Irish question is solely a question of enforcement of law. We only ask, they say, that people shall keep their contracts and not steal, and that they shall not maltreat and murder the officers of the law. If the Irish people may disregard with impunity the fundamental conditions of orderly civilized society, the people of Sussex and Yorkshire may properly do the same, and we shall have anarchy. Granting that the Irish who hold this view are the majority, they are merely the majority of a lawless mob, and we are honorably bound not to deliver the defenceless minority to their tender mercies.

But the reply of Mr. GLADSTONE is that this is not the situation. The Irish land laws are the admission that the situation is abnormal, and that the question is one of general inability, not of mere refusal, to pay stipulated rents. This situation is complicated with traditions and feelings which are vital moral elements not to be safely disregarded, and in this position to say simply that lawful debts must be paid, and that defaulting debtors must take the consequences of default, is neither statesmanship nor commonsense. Those who persist in such a policy are sowing hate and destroying the possibility of friendly accord. This is the general plea of Mr. GLADSTONE, and it is this which commands the general approval of public opinion in the United States. It is not a feeling which naturally takes form in the gift of a memorial. But the memorial none the less symbolizes a general feeling.

THE REFORM LEAGUE.

THE annual meeting of the National Civil Service Reform League will take place on Wednesday morning, August 3, at half past ten o'clock, at the Channing Church and parlors, in Newport, Rhode Island. Newport has been found hitherto a convenient and pleasant place for the meeting which brings together representatives from all parts of the country for a general interchange of views. The events of the year, and the present condition and prospects of reform, which will be duly considered, promise to make the meeting of this year peculiarly interesting, and we trust that all friends of the good cause who can spare the time will not fail to attend.

NEW YORK POLITICS.

IT used to be said of DEAN RICHMOND and THURLOW WEED that, having secured the nomination of certain chief candidates by their party Convention, they graciously left the minor places to be filled by the Convention. This year the Republican Convention in New York will apparently fill all the places, because there is no great party "boss." But there is a contest of small bosses, and the most amusing demonstration among them thus far is that of Mr. PLATT, who, even before the State Committee is summoned to call the Convention, assembles his henchmen in Tioga County, and elects delegates to all the conventions which may be hereafter assembled.

There are bosses and leaders, and they are very different personages. AARON BURR was a boss; JEFFERSON and HAMILTON were leaders. The misfortune of New York Republicanism is that it has had but one leader, Mr. SEWARD, as CHASE was a leader in Ohio, and SUMNER in Massachusetts, and LINCOLN in Illinois. For some time the party in New York has felt the want of such a leader, and his absence was never more conspicuous than now.

Actual leadership enables a party to plant itself upon clearly defined principles, and to emphasize real instead of apparent and temporary issues, or, when the contest is mainly personal, to command public confidence by its candidates. The party conventions in New York this year will probably make plainer than ever the fact that upon such principles and issues the parties have little distinctive position. Ex-Senator WARNER MILLER says in a recent interview that the Democratic administration has made very little change in the management of public affairs. His inference is that the Republican policy is accepted by the country, and therefore that the Republicans should control administration. But it shows more distinctly that the country does not decide by party names, as representing different policies, but seeks honest men to administer the same general policy. That was the pivot of the election of '84, and it now looks as if it would be that of the election of '88.

DEAF-MUTES.

ONE of the quiet and most useful charities is the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, whose missionaries and officers are constantly occupied in procuring situations for those who need work, in aiding the sick and poor, and in conducting religious services by the sign language in more than twenty places in this city and vicinity. The deaf-mutes are generally brave and orderly and successful in making their living, but are very grateful for the friendly guidance of the society whose mission-house is at 220 East Thirteenth Street. The Gallaudet Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes is a farm of 156 acres at Poughkeepsie, and the trustees hope ultimately to be able to keep all aged and infirm deaf-mutes from the almshouses. All aid will be gladly acknowledged by Dr. THOMAS GALLAUDET, D.D., 9 West Eighteenth Street.

PERSONAL.

THE Rev. ROBERT LAIRD COLLIER, of New York, is spending the summer on the Pacific coast. He will remain in Oakland, the guest of Mr. A. A. COHEN, until August, when he starts for Portland, Oregon, to visit his son. He expects to reach New York by the middle of September.

—Ex-Railroad Commissioner CONE is one of the great landholders of California. His possessions in Tehama County include 70,000 acres, and one may ride for twelve miles along the Sacramento River without leaving his lands. He has several thousand acres in wheat, and about 1400 acres in various kinds of fruit. This great domain he oversees in person, as he understands thoroughly every branch of farming and fruit-growing.

—Thirty years ago C. H. HUFFMAN went into the Merced Valley, in California, as the agent for the Southern Pacific Railway. Gradually he bought up cheap land, until now he owns many thousand acres. In company with CHARLES CROCKER, the railway millionaire, he has just finished one of the greatest industrial projects in the far West—the Merced irrigating canal. This canal is seventeen miles long, and will float an ordinary schooner. It has taken four years and a quarter of a million dollars to dig it. It will irrigate an extensive section, which foreign experts have declared has a soil especially suitable for the grape.

—Mr. DAVID JACKS, of Monterey, California, about seven years ago gave to an association of Methodist ministers and laymen the beautiful Pacific Grove, a tract of about fifty acres lying by the sea, and only a mile and a half from the old town of Monterey. The place became a summer camp-meeting ground, but within three years the Pacific Improvement Company bought the land, built a big hotel, and now the grove boasts of three hundred pretty cottages, and has more than a half-dozen religious denominations represented. It is the place where the Chautauqua assembly for California meets every summer.

—Three years ago Father CAZENOVA, the parish priest of Monterey, California, collected subscriptions and restored the old and half-ruined mission church at Carmel, in which Padre JUNIPERO SERRA, the founder of the Franciscan missions in California, lies buried. The restoration was done in vile taste, so that now little remains to show the beauty of the original edifice. Even in its ruin it was impressive, but now, with its ugly pointed shingle roof, its iron doors, and its freshly painted walls, it has neither beauty nor age to recommend it.

—Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS, of Philadelphia, put his hand into a pocket-book which seems always open and full, and organized practical relief on his own account for sick children, during the terrible period of heat, by sending them to the sea-shore.

—SAMUEL J. RANDALL, the prominent Pennsylvania Congressman, spends the summer with his family in a low farm-house, where he passes the simplest country life and cultivates his own vegetables.

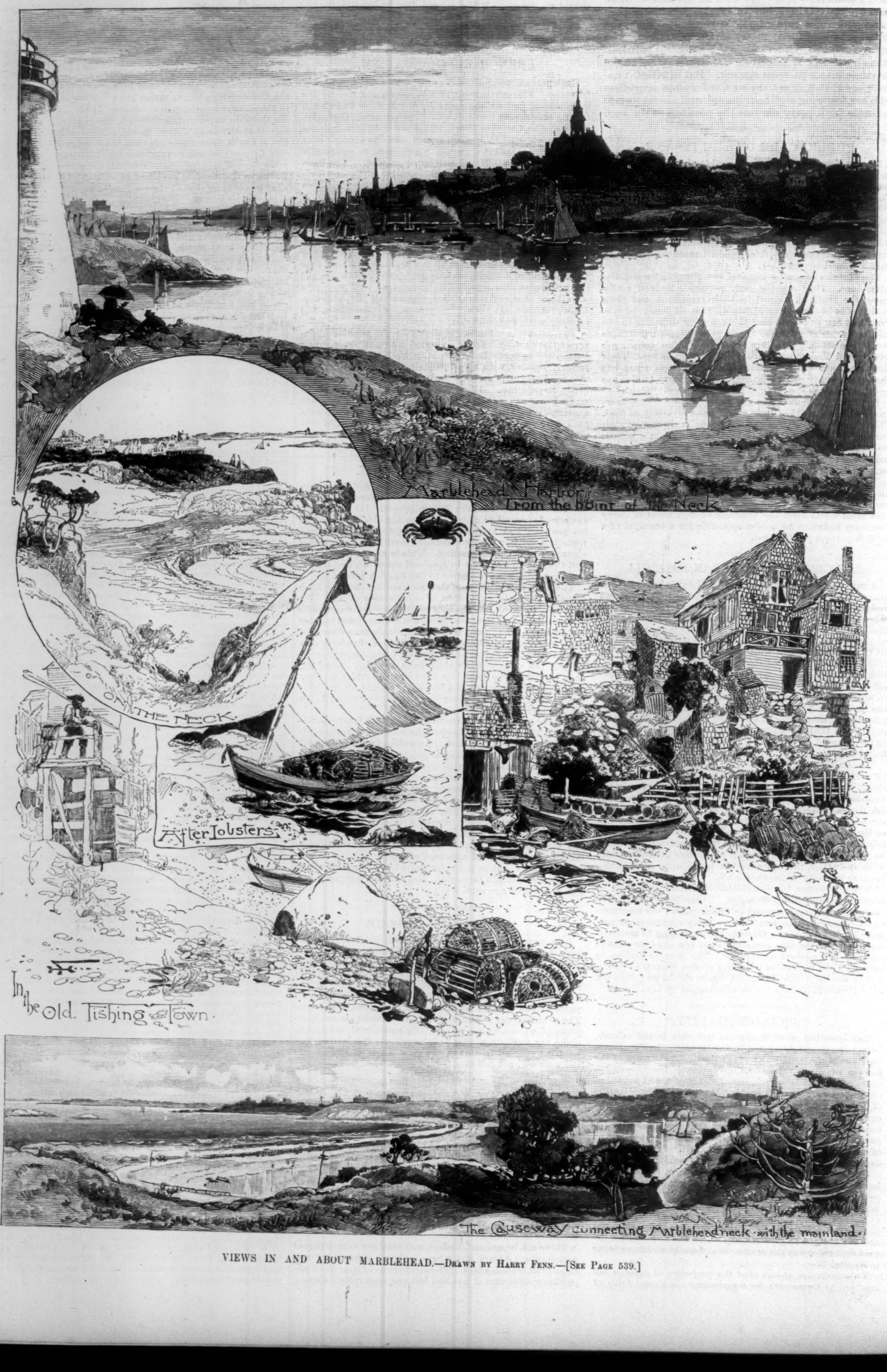
—Rev. WILLIAM N. MCVICKAR, the tall and portly rector of Holy Trinity Church in Philadelphia, whose figure is as familiar there as that of PHILLIPS BROOKS in Boston, has had the unusual experience of being attacked by brigands at a church near Rome, which he was visiting with his sister, to the loss of all their valuables.

—C. SUDAKITCHE HARTMANN, of a mixed German and Japanese parentage, is endeavoring to organize a Whitman Society in Boston and Philadelphia. WHITTIER, HOLMES, HOWELLS, and others have consented to be honorary members, and JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY has given the subject his hearty approval.

—WALT WHITMAN has been the target of very considerable attention from artists in the last six months. J. W. ALEXANDER has completed a life-size study in crayon; Mr. MONE, the Boston sculptor, has modelled a head and a statuette of the poet in his big chair; HUBERT H. GILCHRIST, of England, has finished a portrait in oils; AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS is planning a trip to Philadelphia to take studies for a bust; and THOMAS EAKINS has begun work on a portrait.

—Judge TULLY, who was unanimously chosen by the bricklayers and master-masons of Chicago to settle a lock-out existing between them, is a native of Vermont, and has been a judge about six years. He is the best known and most popular man in the Chicago judiciary, and before going on the bench had a practice worth $20,000 per annum, which he relinquished for the $7000 salary of a judge.

—When the Corean revolt took place about two years ago, Mr. KIM OK-KUM, a prominent liberal politician of Corea, was banished to the Ogasawara Islands, after having vainly sought exile in Japan. Recently it was proposed by his friends to raise subscriptions in order that he might escape from his island prison. Now it is understood that some generous patron has furnished him funds to come to the United States. He expects to make a special study of American institutions, for which he has always professed great admiration.



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In New Orleans he found himself once more face to face with the family. With their young student home, they shot question after question at him. "He had been long, very long, in the forest; had he not had enough of the trees and wild flowers? Was it not high time for him *de se ranger*—to settle himself? Would he not be wise and be guided by his relatives, and choose a profession?" No mill grinds so hard as the family tread-mill. At the end, in no patient mood, he exclaimed: "*Eh bien!* Since you wish me to be somebody in the world, I shall go to Paris and study law." He was true to his word. Once more in Paris, he threw himself as fervently into the study of law as he had into that of college letters. The fight may have been sharp, but it was certainly not prolonged. Law soon became as distasteful to him as in an earlier age it had been to St. CHRYSOSTOM. He could see in it only "a weary pell-mell of contradictions and chicaneries." But while he turned his back on the Palais de Justice, where he had had the rare good fortune of hearing the great chiefs of the tribune, BERRYER, ODILLOT, CHAIX D'ESTE, ANGE, and DUPONT, he kept his face in love toward Paris—to that Paris which he knew to be for him "as dangerous as Calypso for Telemachus." Returning to New Orleans, he was full of her spell, hailing her as his "magnetic pole," his "centre of attraction." "Thou art," he cried in that half-cynical youth which, classing the world as a waste, yet selfishly makes sure of one green spot in it, "*my oasis* in the midst of the burning desert." Even then he was more than ever in doubt as to what was the true profession a young man thoroughly in earnest, and with stronger inclinations toward the ideal than the material, could find in harmony with his tastes, his capacities, and "with the will of God." He spent several years in irresolution between the woods and the city, until 1842, when he went back to France. While there his first important work of prose, *Les Savanes*, appeared, in French. Paris welcomed it. Flattering letters followed close upon its welcome. CHÂTEAUBRIAND, SAINTE-BEUVE, LAMARTINE, and BARTHÉLEMY saw in the young foreigner's style "the manner of the great masters." BRIZEAUX hailed the author as the "young Ossian," while TOM MOORE, none too partial to us, called him "the LAMARTINE of America." "Wild Flowers," in English, next appeared, their lyrical sweetness receiving hearty recognition from our first poets, North and South. "Wild Flowers" was followed by *La Thébaïde*, a prose poem in French; *L'Antoniade*, also in French, a sequel to *La Thébaïde;* and "St. Catherine Tegahkwitha," a poem in English. The abbé's latest work is *La Nouvelle Atalá*, in French, a story of singular beauty, which came out in 1879. This is not the place for a review of ROUQUETTE the poet. This much, however, may be said: his literary career, valuable in itself, is notably so as a reflex of his religious life. Had he not loved God, *La Thébaïde* and *L'Antoniade* would have been unwritten; had he not loved nature, he could never have told the true story of *Les Savanes*, or caught the modest beauty of "Wild Flowers." That his work has not become popularized is largely due to its abstract and delicate nature, unmixed with human passion, and because in his own person the poet-priest has steadfastly declined the world's fellowship and rewards, intent only upon making of his life one supreme apostolic poem.

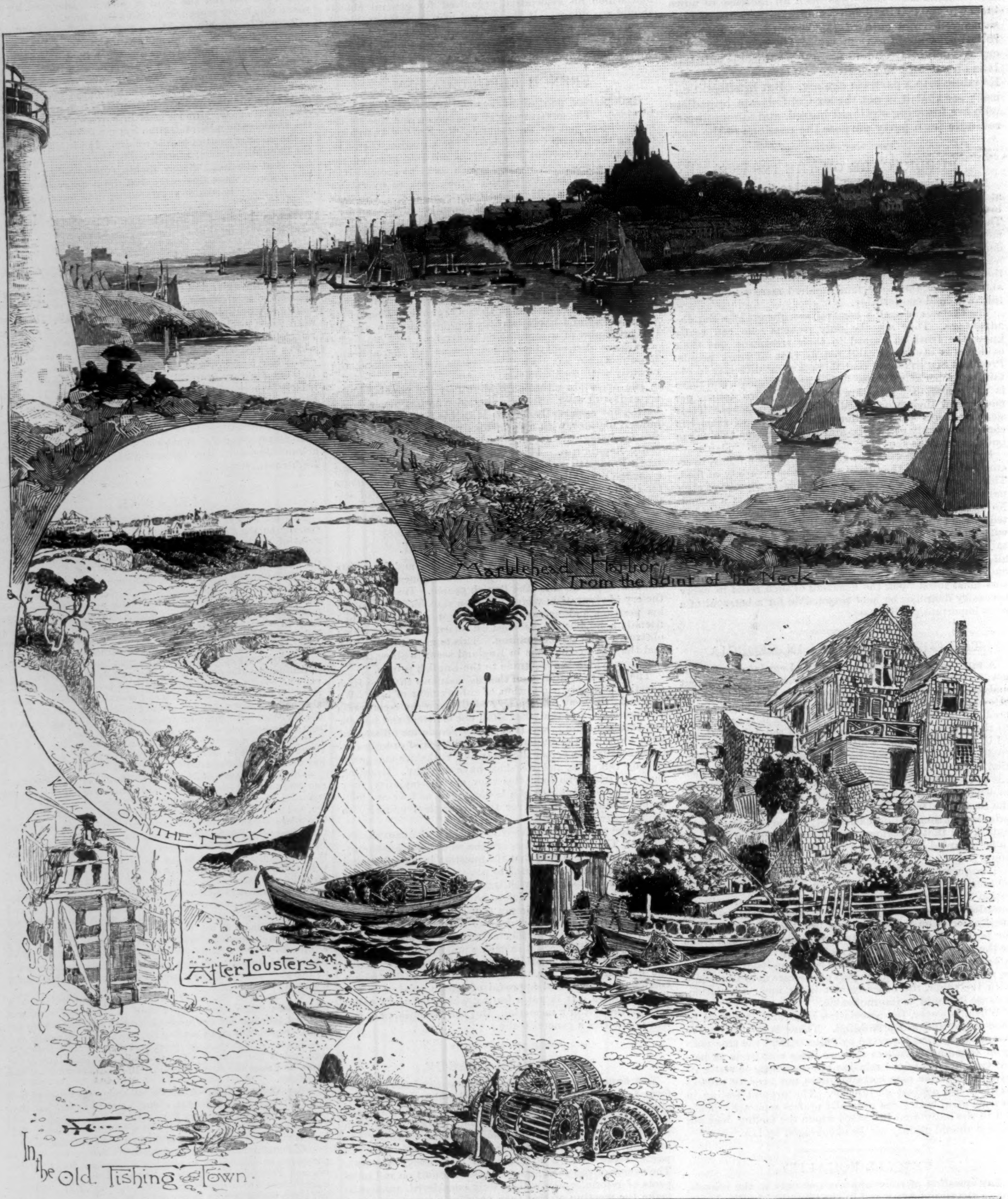
On his return it seemed certain that his life, which had so far been experimental, would turn either to literature or the Church. As he grew older he felt himself drawn day by day toward the latter. Paris was fading from his sight; Rome was growing clearer. He had cast the law to one side as he had turned away from trade. Both might have gained him fortune, and one certainly high reputation, but he had refused to have these with either. Abbé PERCHÉ was then stirring men's souls at a crowded mission held in St. Mary's Church. His oratory, fervid and scholarly in a marked degree, produced a strong impression on ROUQUETTE. Rome rose colossal as he hung on the words of the eloquent Dominican. Fired with a holy enthusiasm, he resolved upon leaving the world. After passing his probation at Bayou Lacombe, and his novitiate in the seminary of Assumption Parish, he was ordained as subdeacon in 1844, and finally as priest in 1845. For fourteen years he was attached to the cathedral as prédicateur, where he delivered sermons doctrinal enough, but less *doctrinaire* than original, and brimming over with an imagination that charmed while it startled the sober congregation of that old St. Louis which with gentle thrills still remembered the suasive gravity of *cher Père Antoine*. The spring of 1859 found him at last resolved to take the step thought of for years. This was to establish a mission in the Indian village at the head springs of Bayou Lacombe, where the Chahta remnant had mainly settled. "May I not be a missionary among the last of the Chahtas?" he asked himself. "May I not endeavor to instruct, evangelize, and save the souls of those poor forsaken brethren whom I have known and loved from my childhood?" The step, once announced, however, evoked sharp opposition among those who had based high hopes upon the young priest's zeal and signal intellectual gifts. The venerable Archbishop BLANC frowned gently on him. "There are enough savages in the cities," he said, "without searching for them in the woods. Ah! my dear ADRIEN, this is not what I have dreamed for you." On the other hand, Mons. ODIN, Vicar Apostolic of Texas, held out the hand of faith to him. "Continue to devote yourself to the Indians," he said. "God will bless you and your work."

It was the remnant of no common tribe* which Abbé ROUQUETTE had dreamed of evangelizing. For generations they had been powerful within the limits of the present State of Mississippi. Their hunting grounds had extended across Louisiana west of the Arkansas River. Less civilized than the Natchez, less warlike than the Chickasaws, they had shown more practical skill in government than either. When IBERVILLE founded Biloxi, the tribe owned fifty-two important villages, and could at one time muster 25,000 warriors. But it had always been their hard luck to be loyal, in turn, to both French and Chickasaws—powers which were, later on, to sacrifice them. Thinned in numbers, they still held, at the time of the purchase of Louisiana, their lands and their villages. False as the French had been, Versailles had never sought from them more than their warriors. But when the Americans came they brought with them a wholesale scheme of spoliation, to be carried out to the letter of dishonest acts of Congress. In 1801, the Treaty of Fort Adams had ordered a revision of the boundary of the lands which the nation had always enjoyed free of claim. Four years later, by the Treaty of Mount Desert, the Chahtas had been compelled to cede the most valuable of their lands. In 1820, by the Treaty of Doakland, they had, under the same compulsion, given away territory still remaining to them. It was reserved for ANDREW JACKSON—unjust to the Chahtas, as he had been faithless to the Cherokees and the Seminoles—to ring

CHAHTA-IMA, IN INDIAN DRESS.

* Chahta-like.

* The Chahtas, or Choctaws, as they are more commonly known.



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* Chahta-like.

ADRIEN was first sent to the preparatory school of Transylvania University, in Kentucky, and afterward to a private academy at Mantua, near Philadelphia. After successive sessions he was summoned home. To the amazement, not unmixed with horror, of his family, who had first decided that he should know English as well as French, it crept out that he knew altogether too much English to too little French. One remedy only was open—he must be shipped to France. He was in his seventeenth year when this step was taken. From 1829 to 1833 he flitted from the College Royal of Paris to the College Royal of Nantes, and from Nantes to Rennes. At Rennes he passed his examination, receiving his Baccalaureate on March 26, 1833. With his French honors fresh on his head he returned to New Orleans. Not many days passed before a longing came upon him to see the great woods, the prairies smiling in flowers, and the lodges on the banks of that deep and winding bayou, beautiful in eyes to which the fair Loire itself had seemed "small and cold." Once on Bayou Lacombe, he threw off in ecstasy the trammels of his Paris life. He sought his happiness where he felt he could best enjoy it—in air, in space, in freedom, in subtle communion with that forest which in turn embodied them all. Before many days he had breathed in his lungs new breath; to use his own words, he had again become "a half-savage, and dressed as did the young Chahtas." It was in this summer that a great literary pleasure burst on him. Among his books brought from New Orleans, but still unread, was a copy of CHÂTEAUBRIAND'S *Atalá*, which had just been reprinted. The spell which that work then cast, and which it still casts upon all lovers of nature, fell with magnetic force upon a youth who, without knowing it, was waiting for it. Did he not love the woods and their containings as AUDUBON was even then loving them? Was he not a poet, not conscious yet of inspiration, but possessing it? *Atalá* absorbed his heart and mind. He read with peculiar emotion that pathetic picture of the author's joining the sorrowful band of Natchez, leaving the ashes of their dead on their way to a new and unknown country. Perhaps something whispered to him that herein was a call, dim then, but to be made clear in time—a call to be another Père AUBRY for red men with wrongs as bitter as those of CHÂTEAUBRIAND'S Natchez. His imagination, which was a man's, caught fire at this, while his fancy, which was yet a boy's, was touched. Atalá was with him by day and by night, and he wandered from Chahta camp to camp seeking her counterpart. One day he came across OUSHOLA, a young girl, the daughter of an Indian chief, whose sweet voice had gained for her through all her tribe the name of "Bird Singer." This girl of sixteen stood before his eyes the Atalá of his dreams. But she was surely nothing more than a dream, for even as he gazed upon her for the first time a mortal sickness was flushing her face and racking her frame. He left her with the tender hope of soon meeting her again. Two days after, he started from Bayou Lacombe for Mandeville; tarrying a bit on the road, he reached that lovely plain which lies back of the village, and drawing near to a group of mourning Indians, asked why they were there. "We are burying OUSHOLA," they answered. This was a bitter disappointment, which sent him at once back to New Orleans. The woods for him had ceased to be joyous, since in OUSHOLA'S death they had grown tragic.

In New Orleans he found himself once more face to face with the family. With their young student home, they shot question after question at him. "He had been long, very long, in the forest; had he not had enough of the trees and wild flowers? Was it not high time for him *de se ranger*—to settle himself? Would he not be wise and be guided by his relatives, and choose a profession?" No mill grinds so hard as the family tread-mill. At the end, in no patient mood, he exclaimed: "*Eh bien!* Since you wish me to be somebody in the world, I shall go to Paris and study law." He was true to his word. Once more in Paris, he threw himself as fervently into the study of law as he had into that of college letters. The fight may have been sharp, but it was certainly not prolonged. Law soon became as distasteful to him as in an earlier age it had been to St. CHRYSOSTOM. He could see in it only "a weary pell-mell of contradictions and chicaneries." But while he turned his back on the Palais de Justice, where he had had the rare good fortune of hearing the great chiefs of the tribune, BERRYER, ODILLOT, CHAIX D'ESTE, ANGE, and DUPONT, he kept his face in love toward Paris—to that Paris which he knew to be for him "as dangerous as Calypso for Telemachus." Returning to New Orleans, he was full of her spell, hailing her as his "magnetic pole," his "centre of attraction." "Thou art," he cried in that half-cynical youth which, classing the world as a waste, yet selfishly makes sure of one green spot in it, "*my oasis* in the midst of the burning desert." Even then he was more than ever in doubt as to what was the true profession a young man thoroughly in earnest, and with stronger inclinations toward the ideal than the material, could find in harmony with his tastes, his capacities, and "with the will of God." He spent several years in irresolution between the woods and the city, until 1842, when he went back to France. While there his first important work of prose, *Les Savanes*, appeared, in French. Paris welcomed it. Flattering letters followed close upon its welcome. CHÂTEAUBRIAND, SAINTE-BEUVE, LAMARTINE, and BARTHÉLEMY saw in the young foreigner's style "the manner of the great masters." BRIZEAUX hailed the author as the "young Ossian," while TOM MOORE, none too partial to us, called him "the LAMARTINE of America." "Wild Flowers," in English, next appeared, their lyrical sweetness receiving hearty recognition from our first poets, North and South. "Wild Flowers" was followed by *La Thébaïde*, a prose poem in French; *L'Antoniade*, also in French, a sequel to *La Thébaïde*; and "St. Catherine Tegahkwitha," a poem in English. The abbé's latest work is *La Nouvelle Atalá*, in French, a story of singular beauty, which came out in 1879. This is not the place for a review of ROUQUETTE the poet. This much, however, may be said: his literary career, valuable in itself, is notably so as a reflex of his religious life. Had he not loved God, *La Thébaïde* and *L'Antoniade* would have been unwritten; had he not loved nature, he could never have told the true story of *Les Savanes*, or caught the modest beauty of "Wild Flowers." That his work has not become popularized is largely due to its abstract and delicate nature, unmixed with human passion, and because in his own person the poet-priest has steadfastly declined the world's fellowship and rewards, intent only upon making of his life one supreme apostolic poem.

CHAHTA-IMA, IN INDIAN DRESS.

On his return it seemed certain that his life, which had so far been experimental, would turn either to literature or the Church. As he grew older he felt himself drawn day by day toward the latter. Paris was fading from his sight; Rome was growing clearer. He had cast the law to one side as he had turned away from trade. Both might have gained him fortune, and one certainly high reputation, but he had refused to have these with either. Abbé PERCHÉ was then stirring men's souls at a crowded mission held in St. Mary's Church. His oratory, fervid and scholarly in a marked degree, produced a strong impression on ROUQUETTE. Rome rose colossal as he hung on the words of the eloquent Dominican. Fired with a holy enthusiasm, he resolved upon leaving the world. After passing his probation at Bayou Lacombe, and his novitiate in the seminary of Assumption Parish, he was ordained as subdeacon in 1844, and finally as priest in 1845. For fourteen years he was attached to the cathedral as prédicateur, where he delivered sermons doctrinal enough, but less *doctrinaire* than original, and brimming over with an imagination that charmed while it startled the sober congregation of that old St. Louis which with gentle thrills still remembered the suasive gravity of *cher Père Antoine*. The spring of 1859 found him at last resolved to take the step thought of for years. This was to establish a mission in the Indian village at the head springs of Bayou Lacombe, where the Chahta remnant had mainly settled. "May I not be a missionary among the last of the Chahtas?" he asked himself. "May I not endeavor to instruct, evangelize, and save the souls of those poor forsaken brethren whom I have known and loved from my childhood?" The step, once announced, however, evoked sharp opposition among those who had based high hopes upon the young priest's zeal and signal intellectual gifts. The venerable Archbishop BLANC frowned gently on him. "There are enough savages in the cities," he said, "without searching for them in the woods. Ah! my dear ADRIEN, this is not what I have dreamed for you." On the other hand, Mons. ODIN, Vicar Apostolic of Texas, held out the hand of faith to him. "Continue to devote yourself to the Indians," he said. "God will bless you and your work."

It was the remnant of no common tribe* which Abbé ROUQUETTE had dreamed of evangelizing. For generations they had been powerful within the limits of the present State of Mississippi. Their hunting grounds had extended across Louisiana west of the Arkansas River. Less civilized than the Natchez, less warlike than the Chickasaws, they had shown more practical skill in government than either. When IBERVILLE founded Biloxi, the tribe owned fifty-two important villages, and could at one time muster 25,000 warriors. But it had always been their hard luck to be loyal, in turn, to both French and Chickasaws—powers which were, later on, to sacrifice them. Thinned in numbers, they still held, at the time of the purchase of Louisiana, their lands and their villages. False as the French had been, Versailles had never sought from them more than their warriors. But when the Americans came they brought with them a wholesale scheme of spoliation, to be carried out to the letter of dishonest acts of Congress. In 1801, the Treaty of Fort Adams had ordered a revision of the boundary of the lands which the nation had always enjoyed free of claim. Four years later, by the Treaty of Mount Desert, the Chahtas had been compelled to cede the most valuable of their lands. In 1820, by the Treaty of Doakland, they had, under the same compulsion, given away territory still remaining to them. It was reserved for ANDREW JACKSON—unjust to the Chahtas, as he had been faithless to the Cherokees and the Seminoles—to ring

* The Chahtas, or Choctaws, as they are more commonly known.

the curtain down on the last act of the national robbery of the Chahtas. By the Treaty of Dancing Rabbit, under his administration, the tribe were allowed lands in the trans-Mississippi in lieu of the broad tracts sacrificed at home. The adhesion of the nation was said at the time to have been largely the work of the able half-breeds LE FLEUR and FOLSOM.

The majority took their sorrowful exodus to the Indian Territory. The policy of the government had been from the first to make with its treaty broom a clean sweep of the entire Chahta floor east of the Mississippi. In order to make sure of this result, and foreseeing strong opposition, it was forced to offer a sop to the malcontents. This sop was the fourteenth article of the treaty, which secured to every Chahta who would, within six months, certify before the agent of the United States his purpose to remain, "a section of land and a portion for each of his children, said reservation to include the place of his residence at that time." "Had it not been for this clause," says the historian CLAIBORNE, "the treaty could never have been made." Five thousand of the Chahtas, as deaf to cajolements as to threats, remained behind, preferring to die where life had found them, and swearing that neither they nor their children would ever leave their mother Nane-wy-ah.* True to their understanding of the clause, they had sought the agent to secure their title to their own lands. But he was one of the early products of that mould of corrupt Indian agents which has since been so prolific in roguery. If he was not drunk when they came, he would be away from his post. If he was neither absent nor drunk, he was sure to be sulky. After registering a few, he declared that he had instructions from Washington forbidding registration. He shut the agency up, and refused to see the applicants. If this bad faith had been hard upon the nearest Chahtas, it was fatal in its effects upon those living at a distance. These sought the agency with infinite trouble, abandoning their homes and carrying with them their families and household goods. Reaching the station, they could not see the agent. Returning to their homes, they would find a white man at their cabin door. Then began a new and a more sorrowful exodus; this time to swamps over which government claimed control, but so mephitic that no white man could breathe in them and live. Hundreds died from exposure; other hundreds perished from hunger. A large number remained in Mississippi, some seeking the shores of Mississippi Sound, and finding homes near Bay St. Louis. Many drifted to the shore of Lake Pontchartrain, their main settlement in time fixing itself around Bayou Lacombe, some twelve miles from Mandeville. It was years before the exiles could feel themselves safe; but at last government had ceased to vex about them, and in its sleep they grew quiet. Their ideas of trade were as humble as their stock; but they could always count on a kindly welcome and a fair sale for their wares in the French Market of New Orleans, of which they have always formed the most picturesque feature.

They brought game in season, deer, wild turkeys, wild herbs, roots much vaunted by creole nurses, bamboo baskets, those sabarcanes which have been the delight of generations of boys, and the sassafras powder which is the chief element of that champion Indian dish, the famous *gombo filé*, itself the synonym of perfection in the creole cuisine. Exemptions of a special nature were also theirs. Steam-boats and ferries became their servants, bound by an unrecorded statute to carry them free; omnibuses, if not too full, would jostle them without charge; even the law was lenient, for rough policemen, arresting some brave filled with fire-water, would escort him, not to the nearest precinct station, but, with much trouble and somewhat ludicrous concern, to his expectant squaw, squatted on the flags of the old French Market, or resting on the stalls of Poydras. As the years went on, the Chahtas drank, killed game, sold sabarcanes, and cared for nothing. Eighteen hundred and sixty-one of the bloody hand knocked at the world's door. Along with its dismal New-Year greetings swept to the front the events which led to the first shot at Fort Sumter. During all the hurly-burly the Chahta smoked his peaceful pipe before his cabin on Bayou Lacombe, out of hearing of the din. One day, however, jayhawkers, black and white, and with them deserters, the scum of both armies, came to disturb this calm after so much storm. The persecution which began that day ended only with the war. Pillaged as often as the humor led their foes to swoop upon them, the Chahtas showed with each raid the old courage of their race, until, with numbers against them, they were driven to the great labyrinthine *cyprière* which in the old days had been so merciful to their fathers. To the same gloomy swamp in their extremity the survivors fled, and staid in its slime to lose many. Then, with the close of a war in which, although with no stake in it, they had borne so hard a share, they crawled out to find their villages in ruins and their fields laid waste. When in 1865 those who were not dead came back to their desolated homes, one man alone was there to help and comfort them. He alone had been in their confidence, had been with them from time to time in their hiding-places, and could best tell where, driven in their helpless despair, each last-assailed party had crept for refuge. That man was Chahta-Ima.

The road of apostleship among the Chahtas of Louisiana has never been more than an Indian trail. Few feet had trodden it, and when the feet had ceased to tread, grass grew upon the trail and hid it. Abbé ROUQUETTE felt that he was called to do the work which no one was fitted to do in his place, and which no other had attempted to do in Louisiana for more than a century. In one sense, as has been seen, he had been signally favored. As boy and man, before becoming a priest, he had known intimately the people whom he hoped to convert. He had taken as his practical model Père GARNIER, an early missionary among the Canadian Indians. "Do not try to make a white man out of an Indian," had said this wise father; "try rather to become an Indian yourself; thus you will make him love and trust you." The abbé has improved upon Père GARNIER, or perhaps it would be better to say he has punctuated theory with fact. "I have lived," he says, "in the woods *en sauvage*, with no regret for civilization. Never once have I had an idea of civilizing *my* Indians, of establishing schools among them, or of teaching them to read. It has been enough for me that they could read in Nature, that great book of God, always open before their eyes. A civilized Indian—an Indian *savant*—is in my eyes a noble primeval tree which vandalism has hacked and mutilated." In his philosophy of regeneration the abbé set himself squarely against the policy of the Indian Bureau, as he clearly was a doubter of the Hampton experiment. It must be admitted, however, that the results have vindicated him. He found the Indian a sot; he has made him a man. He found him a polygamist; he has made him content with one wife. He found him a brawler; he has turned him in the ways of peace. He found him worshipping the Great Spirit; he has shown him that the Great Spirit is only one of the many names of the Christian's God. What he has done has been effected through untiring vigilance, with gentle admonition and constant prayer. While at the altar, or visiting the sick, or comforting the sorrowful, he was their priest. But at other seasons he was for his flock not so much a priest as a brother who had become one of themselves. It is through this common knitting together in love and respect that he had rescued the remnant of the race by whom he was so long practically adopted. The name Chahta-Ima conferred by the tribe was never a misnomer. In personal characteristics this was in a rare manner true. With his long black hair, which had become a rich mass of clustering gray curls falling upon his shoulders, with a strong-set, intellectual face browned by the sun, and not unlike, in its aquiline cast, the higher Indian type, and with his blanket or a hunting shirt wrapped about a figure wiry and muscular, the illusion was nearly complete. In such a garb a stranger, knowing of him, yet not knowing his person, and hearing him speak fluently the soft and multi-vowelled Chahta tongue, might easily have fancied him one of his own converts.

On September 8, 1859, he first, as priest, gathered his Indians around him at the mission at Ravine aux Cannes, which he had placed under the protection of Catherine Tegahkwitha, the Indian saint of Canada. No congregation could be quicker to catch the spirit of a speaker than the wild one which listened under the great cypress-trees to his first sermon. This quick perception was not so much for the doctrine as for the priest, and not so much for the priest as for the "white-skin" who had run into their wigwams when a boy. In 1859 the Chahta theology was wholly vague, and as stubborn as it was vague. Its stubbornness came from habit; its vagueness sprang from tradition. In 1887 it is perhaps as stubborn and as vague, but in a sense altogether distinct. Ask a Chahta of what faith he is, he will answer readily and with smooth regularity that he is a Catholic. Ask him why he is a Catholic, he would refer you to Chahta-Ima. This is another phase of *Credo Newmanum*, Young Oxford's rallying cry in the counter-reformation. It was emphatically a case in which the priest symbolized the faith.

Very hard to fight at first was the code of vengeance. An unwritten law, it has always been stronger among savage tribes than that Draconian statute which has stained with blood a commonwealth of thinkers. During the first year of Chahta-Ima's mission the law of retaliation was in full force. Four men had just been executed in accordance with it. Two young women killed by their husbands had been avenged by the male relatives of the wives. All of Chahta-Ima's Christian spirit grew strong in confronting this savage yet most natural of instincts. He was eager but prudent; he hated the crimes, but he recognized a difference between a criminal against written law and an offender without it. He taught the braves the truth through the images they knew best. "What," he would say, "you who have been cut down by privation, sickness, and grief since the great war of the white-skins, are dropping off, day by day, like autumn leaves swept away by the storms of winter! You are only half as many as you were two years ago. Yet this is not enough for you. You love to hate; you think it right to kill one another. Do you not see you are doing all you can to help Death? Ah, my children, cease all this!" Nothing can bear stronger testimony to the abbé's influence than the simple fact that the law of retaliation is dead.

A few straggling Chahta settlements are to be met with at different points throughout the State. The largest settlement, five or six hundred in number, formerly near Lake Charles, in Calcasieu Parish, in southwestern Louisiana, has flitted westward to the Sabine River. The main body in southeastern Louisiana, numbering in all about one hundred souls, is to be found in St. Tammany Parish, on Bayou Lacombe and on the Tchefuncte River. After all, however, such an estimate has always been one more of guesswork than figures. It is as impossible to make a reliable census as it would be to count the deer and the birds of the forest. The census enumerator is puzzled by the shadows whom, by his oath of office, he is sworn to classify. It makes no difference whether he is hunting the Chahtas around Mandeville or chasing the Chahtas on the Sabine. In both cases he loses his way, and his tables are naught. He sees a band of Indians at one place; another band at another place; still another at a third place. These he jots down separately under the comprehensive printed head "Civilized Indians," and goes away happily ignorant of the fact that the three bands he has seen have been the same, turning up over and over again like the faces of Scaramouche. Sometimes the census enumerator fails to find his "civilized Indians" at all—as notably in the census of 1860 and 1870. A reason is easily found for this. Enumerations are mostly made in autumn, and in St. Tammany in autumn it would be hard to find more than a dozen old women and children. The rest are always in bivouac in some other parish—both parish and place of bivouac unknown at tribal head-quarters.

Near Madisonville, on the Tchefuncte or Chincapin River, resting under the shadows of moss-hung oaks, is quite a large *cabanage*. The spot is, as usual with the Indian, thoroughly picturesque. Here he has pure air and running water; above all, the sense of a freedom without stint in the forest which closes around him to protect him. While in accepting Christianity the Chahta has drifted only half consciously into a higher state of morals, he has found a positive gain under the minor rules of civilization. He wears the white man's dress, save in the Feast of the Dead—and lives, except in his trips to Pearl River or Bogue Chitto for sassafras, in neat and substantial cottages made from the hewn logs of cypress or of pine, and finished off with mud chimneys. In the palmy days of Buchuwa, before the "white-skins'" war, the Chahtas had flourishing fenced fields of corn and potatoes. But grown scantier in numbers since, worn with battle and disease, they had crept from the *cyprière*, the ancient nomadic instinct of the race has revived among them. The braves, in the wild fashion of their fathers, now pass much of their time in hunting and fishing. They have their patient squaws to cultivate their little patches of rich ground, and to supplement the domestic *ménage* by such provisions as they can bring back from New Orleans in exchange for their forest wares. They are bold Nimrods and nimble fishermen, but they can be something more. Much to the grief and against the appeals of Chahta-Ima, who holds the Indian to be "the last who should make a work of destroying the forest," they have taken to cutting for sale those woods honored by their fathers as the Druids had loved their groves of sacred oaks. They have proved expert woodmen, their wiry bodies developing immense power and skill in wielding the axe. Civilization is at last teaching them her supreme lesson of practical selfishness—how to work, and how to make their work pay.

Abbé ROUQUETTE's missions were several in number, but all have been confined exclusively to the Indians of St. Tammany Parish. He built and dedicated five *cabanes-chapelles*. Placed at distances to meet the needs of his wild flock, they have been invariably chosen with an eye to the natural beauty of the surroundings. The one first in date, at Buchuwa, the Indian village, was destroyed in 1861, and has never been rebuilt. Another, called Chuka-Chaha, the "high-cabin," is situated in the *cyprière*, one mile eastward of Mandeville and within sight of the quiet waters of Lake Pontchartrain. A third is two miles to the westward from Mandeville, on the Covington road, upon a branch of the Hachunchuba, or Alligator Bayou. This is known as Kildara, or "the cabin of the oak." Another lies half-way between Mandeville and Bayou Lacombe, at the Ravine aux Cannes. Still another chapel, but with dwelling isolated, is close on Bayou Lacombe. It is this chapel which the abbé lovingly called the "Nook." Here it is that, after the loss of his first chapel at Buchuwa, he made his head-quarters. The Nook itself must be forever memorable in the simple annals of the mission. Within its peaceful shadows a band of the last Chahtas of Louisiana, after the ruin brought on them by the civil war, grouped themselves for protection. Here they remained for some time, but not being sure of springs of pure water for drinking, they gradually dispersed, family after family, to settle in more favorable localities, never, however, straying very far. Since then the abbé was unable to reunite them in a community. A poet might well call this Nook nature's chosen place of prayer, it is so easy to fancy all around it that subtle harmony which often exists unrecognized between nature and man. The brier and nettle, with all the humble undergrowth of the woods, creep close to the little chapel without fear, as beseems the poor whom Christ loved. Close by, the bayou rolls deep and sluggish, while the trees it has seen spring from its fertile banks stand a little apart from the shrine, as though, while they cast all around strong balsamic fragrance, they might be sinners repentant yet not wholly absolved. Pines tower straight and trim, the true sergeants of the forest. Copals, proud of their burden of incense, push forward like messengers eager to deliver it. The lofty cypress, with its knotted knees rising from a thousand Southern swamps—already doomed, without knowing it, under its ghostly drapery of Spanish-moss—strives to gain favor through its half-coquette, half-nun like leaves. Close, very close, to the cypress nestles that superb type of the voluptuousness of the Louisiana forest—the *Magnolia grandiflora*, elsewhere a *buona roba*; in this place—who can tell?—a repentant Magdalen. Here, also, one catches odors surely more at home under far Judean skies, for from the gallery of the chapel can be seen that most holy of trees the olive, richer than any other in the inspired imagery of prophets and apostles. Though wild, it grows in its ancient fatness in all these parts, and its gray-green leaves make a shimmer of silver in the sunlight its Eastern elders delight in.

In addition to being the main chapel, the Nook has gained a peculiar sacredness. It is the site of the celebration of the solitary relic of their old superstition which Chahta-Ima was willing to allow his converts. The Feast of the Dead—the last remnant of the most tender, as it is the most loyal, type of ancestral worship known in this country—is always held at the Nook. Special periods are fixed for the solemnity, generally twice a year. These periods fall on dates well understood beforehand. They are anniversaries of reunion shared in by all the Chahtas east of the Mississippi. Indians formerly came in great numbers from other parts of Louisiana, from Mississippi and far Alabama, beating down the road with the tramp of generations into a trail so deep that, though worn and long out of use, it can still be traced as it runs, grass-grown, from plantation to plantation. They still come, footsore at the end of the long journey, but from year to year the company of mourners shows a thinning line. Chahta-Ima has from the first, with his intense sympathy, held firmly the key which both unlocks the door to the deepest Indian sensibilities and opens their hearts to him. "You meet here," he tells them in their own musical tongue—"you come here as brethren every year to honor your ancestors. This is well, my children. Here too you always find your white father, Chahta-Ima. He honors their memory with you."

Abbé ROUQUETTE's was one of those happily balanced lives whereof the later notes neither jar with nor are jarred by its earlier. One of those "solitary souls" of whom St. JEROME speaks with rapture, he found in his humble cell in the city and in the forest the "vast extent of paradise." He rejoiced, nevertheless, that the evening shadows grew long, although for that he was never ready to fold his hands. No such philosophy of ease and selfish indulgence ever entered Chahta-Ima's mind. He did not die in his chapel in the woods, as had been his desire, but the gentle ministrations of the Sisters of Charity of the Hôtel Dieu made his last days pleasant. For a year he had been nursed by them, hovering between death and life, and when the end came, he was mourned by the last remnant of his beloved Chahtas with a grief passing any that the red man will ever again feel for the loss of any of the race that has dispossessed him.

JOHN DIMITRY.

*Nane-wy-ah was a large mound in the present county of Winston, Mississippi, regarded as the mother or birthplace of the tribe.

THE ROSE OF PARADISE.

[*Continued from front page.*]

My first consideration was to make him more clean, wherefore I fetched some water from a rivulet which I had noticed flow nigh to that place, and washed his hands and face and so much of his body as seemed to me fitting. Then I gathered some fresh palm leaves and covered them over with a bit of sail which I found rolled up in the back part of the hut, and having thus made thereof a clean and comfortable bed, I carried the poor wretch thither and laid him upon it.

As I had eaten nothing that morning, I went back into the town and bought a lump of meat and some fresh fruit, and then back again to the hut. I noticed here and there some that stood and looked after me, though they said nothing to me, nor molested me in any manner. I afterward found that my guide had so spread the news of my going to England's hut that many knew it, and accredited me with being a friend of the pirate's, and even a partaker in his wicked and nefarious deeds. Whether it was from this or from fear of contagion of the fever I know not, but certain it is I was never once molested so long as I was upon that island.

When I returned to the hut it seemed to me that the sick man had less fever than when I left him, which perhaps happened from the refreshment of the washing that I had given him; though it might have been that the crisis of his distemper had arrived, and that his complaint had now lessened in its intensity.

Some time after mid-day I was sitting beside the sick man, fanning both him and myself, for though the nights were cool at this season of the year, the middle of the day was both exceeding hot and sultry. He had ceased in his incessant and continuous muttering and talking, and was now lying quite silent, though breathing short and quick with the fever.

Suddenly he spoke. "Who are you?" said he, in a quick, sharp voice.

I thought at first he was still rambling in his mind; but when I looked at him I saw that his bloodshot eyes were fixed upon me. I placed my hand upon his brow, and though still very hot, I fancied that the skin was not so dry nor so hard as it had been.

"Who are you?" said he, again in the same tone.

"There," said I, "lie still and rest. You have been mightily sick."

"Is it Jack Mackra?" said he.

"Yes," said I.

"And what do you do here?" said he.

"I am come to care for you just now," said I; "but now rest quietly, for I will not answer one single question more, and that I promise you."

He did not seek to speak again, but lay quite still, as though meditating; and presently, as I sat fanning him, I saw him close his eyes, and after a while, by his deep and regular breathing, knew that he was asleep, and that his fever had turned.

As I remember all the circumstances concerning these things I think to this time I had given little if any thought concerning the treasure of which I had been in quest; but now, seeing the sick man fairly asleep, and in what seemed to me a fair way to mend, my mind went instantly back to it again, for I felt well assured that I should find it or some signs of it about the place where I then was.

It is not needful to recount all the manner in which I prosecuted my search for the gem, for

not only did I examine every scrap of paper about the place in hopes of finding some matter concerning it, but I sounded the walls, and pierced wellnigh every inch of the dirt floor with a sharpened stick of wood, but found not one single sign of it anywhere. I even searched in the pockets of the breeches which the sick man wore, and of his coat and waistcoat, which hung against the wall, but discovered nothing to reward my search, all that I found there being a book of needles and thread, a tailor's thimble, a great piece of tobacco, such as seafaring men always carry with them, a ball of yarn about half the bigness of an orange, and a hasp-knife.

I cannot tell the bitter disappointment that took possession of me when my search proved to be of so little avail, for I had felt so sure of finding the jewel or some traces of it, and had felt so sure of being able to secure it again, that I could not bear to give up my search, but continued it after every single hope had expired.

When I was at last compelled to acknowledge to myself that I had failed, I fell into a most unreasonable rage at the poor, helpless, fever-stricken wretch, though I had but just now been doing all that lay in my power to aid him and to help him in his trouble and his sickness. "Why should I not leave him to rot where he is?" I cried, in my anger; "why should I continue to succor one who has done so much to injure me, and to rob me of all usefulness and honor in this world?" I ran out of the cabin, and up and down, as one distracted, hardly knowing whither I went. But by-and-by it was shown me what was right with more clearness, and that I should not desert the poor and helpless wretch in his hour of need; wherefore I went back to the hut and fell to work making a broth for him against he should awake, for I saw that the fever was broken, and that he was like to get well.

I did not give over my search for the stone in one day, nor two, nor three, but continued it whenever the opportunity offered and the pirate was asleep, but with as little success as at first, though I hunted everywhere. As for Captain England himself, he began to mend from the very day upon which I came, for he awoke from his first sleep with his fever nigh gone, and all the madness cleared away from his head; but he never once, for a long while, spoke of the strangeness of my caring for him in his sickness, nor how I came to be there, nor of my reasons for coming. Nevertheless, from where he lay he followed me with his eyes in all my motions whenever I was moving about the hut.

One day, however, after I had been there a little over a week, against which time he was able to lie in a rude hammock which I had slung up in front of the door, he asked me of a sudden if any of his cronies had lent a hand at nursing him when he was sick, and I told him no.

"And how came you to undertake it?" says he.

"Why," said I, "I was here on business, and found you lying nigh dead in this place."

He looked at me for a little while in a mightily strange way, and then suddenly burst into a great loud laugh. After that he lay still for a while, watching me, but presently he spoke again.

"And did you find it?" says he.

"Find what?" I asked, after a bit, for I was all struck aback at the question, and could not at first find one word to say. But he only burst out laughing again. "Why," says he, "you psalm-singing, Bible-reading, straight-laced Puritan skippers are as keen as a sail-needle; you'll come prying about in a man's house looking for what you would like to find, and all under a pretence of doing an act of humanity, but, after all, you find an honest devil of a pirate is a match for you."

I made no answer to this, but my heart sank within me, for I perceived what I might have known before, that he had observed the object of my coming thither.

He soon became strong enough to move about the place a little, and from that time I noticed a great change in him, and that he seemed to regard me in a very evil way. One evening when I came into the hut, after an absence in the town, I saw that he had taken down one of his pistols from the wall, and was loading it and picking the flint. He kept that pistol by him for a couple of days, and was forever fingering it, cocking it and then lowering the hammer again.

I do not know why he did not shoot me through the brains at this time, for I verily believe that he had it upon his mind to do so, and that more than once. And now, in looking back upon the business, it appears to me to be little less than a miracle that I came forth from this adventure with my life. Yet had I certainly known that death was waiting upon me, I doubt that I should have left that place, for, in truth, now that I had escaped from the *Lavinia*, as above narrated, I had nowhere else to go, nor could I ever show my face in England or amongst my own people again.

Thus matters stood until one morning the whole business came to an end so suddenly and so unexpectedly that for a long while I felt as though all might be a dream from which I should soon awake.

We were sitting together silently, he in a very moody and bitter humor. He had his pistol lying across his knees as he used to do at that time.

Suddenly he turned to me as though in a fit of rage. "Why do you stay about this accursed fever hole?" cried he; "what do you want here with your saintly face and your godly airs?"

"I stay here," said I, bitterly, "because I have nowhere else to go."

"And what do you want?" said he.

"That you know," said I, "as well as I myself."

"And do you think," said he, "that I will give it to you?"

"No," said I, "that I do not."

"Look 'ee, Jack Mackra," said he, very slowly, "you are the only man hereabouts who knows anything of that red pebble" (here he raised his pistol and aimed it directly at my bosom); "why shouldn't I shoot you down like a dog, and be done with you forever? I've shot many a better man than you for less than this."

I felt every nerve thrill as I beheld the pistol set against my breast, and his cruel, wicked eyes behind the barrel; but I steeled myself to stand steadily and to face it.

"You may shoot, if you choose, Edward England," said I, "for I have nothing more to live for. I have lost my honor and all except my life through you, and you might as well take that as the rest."

He withdrew the pistol, and sat regarding me for a while with a most baleful look, and for a time I do believe that my life hung in the balance with the weight of a feather to move it either way. Suddenly he thrust his hand into his bosom, and drew forth the ball of yarn which I had observed among other things in his pocket. He flung it at me with all his might, with a great cry as though of rage and of anguish. "Take it," he roared, "and may the devil go with you! And now away from here, and be quick about it, or I will put a bullet through your head even yet."

I knew as quick as lightning what it was that was wrapped in the ball of yarn, and leaping forward I snatched it up and ran as fast as I was able away from that place. I heard another roar, and at the same time the shot of a pistol and the whiz of a bullet, and my hat went spinning off before me as though twitched from off my head. I did not stop to pick it up, but ran on without stopping; but even yet, to this day, I cannot tell whether Edward England missed me through purpose or through the trembling of weakness, for he was a dead-shot, and I myself once saw him snap the stem of a wineglass with a pistol bullet at an ordinary in Jamaica.

As for me, the whole thing had happened so quickly and so unexpectedly that I had no time either for joy or exultation, but continued to run on bareheaded as though bereft of my wits, for I knew I held in my hand not only the great ruby, but also my honor and all that was dear to me in my life.

But although England had so freely given me the stone, I knew that I must remain in that place no longer. I still had between three and four guineas left of the money which I had brought ashore with me when I left the *Lavinia*. With this I hired a French fisherman to transport me to Madagascar, where I hoped to be able to work my passage either to Europe or back to the East Indies.

As fortune would have it, we fell in with an English bark, the *Kensington*, bound for Calcut, off the north coast of that land, and I secured a berth aboard of her, shipping as an ordinary seaman, for I had no mind to tell my name, and so be forced to disclose the secret of the great treasure which I had with me. After arriving at Calcut I was fortunate enough to be able to find a vessel ready to sail for Bombay, whereon I secured a berth, and so arrived safe at that place about the middle of March.

I had unrolled the ball of yarn and looked at the stone so soon as I had been able to do so after getting it into my possession. Then, finding that it was safe and unhurt as I had seen it last, I had rolled it up again, for I could perceive that there was no better hiding-place for it than the one the cunning pirate had provided. So for all this last voyage I had carried a fortune of three hundred and fifty thousand pounds in my pocket wrapped up in a ball of yarn.

It was early in the morning when we arrived at Bombay, and so soon as I was able I disclosed my name and condition to the captain under whom I had sailed, and contrived to impress him with the importance of my commission, without disclosing anything to him in regard to the stone. He was very complacent to me, and would have had me dress myself in a more fitting manner, and in some of his own clothes, for I was clad no better than the other seamen with whom I had consociated for all this time, but I was too impatient to delay my going ashore for one moment longer than was needful, so he kindly sent me off without any further stay.

I went straight to the Residency, and though the attendants would have stayed me, I so insisted, both with words and with force, that they were constrained to show me directly into the presence of the Governor.

I found him seated with Mistress Pamela at breakfast, beneath the shade of a wide veranda overlooking a beautiful and luxuriant garden. The Governor arose as I came forward, looking very much surprised at my boldness in so forcing my presence upon his privacy. As for Mistress Pamela, I beheld her eyes grow wide and her face as white as marble, and thereby knew that she had recognized me upon the instant.

I came direct to the table, and drawing forth the jewel, still wrapped in the yarn (for my agitation had been so great that I had not thought to unroll the covering from the stone), I laid it upon the table, with my hands trembling as though with an ague.

"What does all this mean?" cried the Governor. "Who are you, and what do you want?" For I was mightily changed in my appearance by the rough life through which I had passed, and he did not recognize me.

But I only pointed to the ball of yarn. "Open it," I cried; "for God's sake, open it!"

I saw a sudden light come into Mistress Pamela's eyes. She clasped her hands, and repeated after me, "Open it! open it!"

The Governor himself seemed to be impressed by our emotion, for instead of troubling himself to unwind the yarn, he snatched up a bread-knife and cut through the strands, so that they fell apart, and the jewel rolled out upon the white linen table-cover.

The Governor gazed upon it as though thunder-struck. Presently he slowly raised his eyes and looked at me. "What is this?" said he.

In the mean time I had somewhat recovered from my excessive emotion. "Sir," said I, "it is the Rose of Paradise."

"And you?"

"I am Captain John Mackra."

The Governor grasped my hand, and shook it most warmly. "Sir," said he, "Captain Mackra, I am vastly delighted to find you such a man as my niece has always maintained you to be. The little rebel has led me a most disturbed and disquieted life ever since I was constrained to order you back to England under restraint. I now leave you a captive in her hands, trusting to her to give you a famous dish of tea, whilst I go and consign this great treasure to some place of safekeeping. I shall soon return, for I am most impatient to hear your narrative of those events which led to the recovery of this stone."

So saying, he turned and left us, bearing the Rose of Paradise with him, and I sat down to a dish of tea with Mistress Pamela.

When the Governor returned he had first to listen to other matters than those concerning the Rose of Paradise, for, with his consent, Pamela Boon had promised to be my wife.

THE END.

THE WHEAT FIELDS OF DAKOTA.

First in area comes Texas, then California, and third the Territory of Dakota. Climatically Dakota presents great diversity. In the northeast and southeast the soil is surprisingly rich, the climate moist, not over-severe in winter, and well adapted to the cultivation of cereals. The western portion of the Territory falls within the arid region. Rain is scarce, and until irrigation can be carried out it will remain unproductive. In the southwest the Black Hills range produces the precious metals, but excepting in its proximity the surface of the Territory is flat, with an average height of 2000 feet above the level of the sea. In many parts of it are wide areas consisting of a dark loamy soil of considerable depth—a land particularly adapted to the growing of cereals. Within the last twenty years great attention has been paid to the cultivation of wheat in Dakota. From a product of only 945 bushels in the whole Territory made in 1860, in 1880 the harvest was 2,830,289 bushels. It is probable that in 1890 this product will be much more than doubled in quantity. The Northern Pacific Railroad carries a large proportion of the wheat, and it finds its principal market at Duluth. Wheat farms of enormous size are found within the Territory, there being one of not less than 100,000 acres. On such a vast domain as this, economy in labor is everything. The flat prairie-land allows of the most approved mechanical appliances, and in harvest-time innumerable reaping-machines are used. Nothing can be more startling than to see approaching a huge battery, as it were, of these reapers, drawn by their three horses yoked abreast. As far as the eye can see, over a vast frontage, the line advances, and even at a long distance the revolutions of the blades of the mowers can be heard. The golden wheat falls in huge windrows, sometimes to be taken by other machines and made into sheaves, or to be handled by the harvesters. Mounted "bosses" ride from point to point and superintend the work. In ploughing, harrowing, sowing, the best and most approved labor-saving implements are used. A Dakota wheat farm of size seems to be rather a factory where cereals are to be produced than a tract of land dependent on ordinary agricultural methods. Mr. Zogbaum's sketch presents just such a wheat farm when the big line of reaping-machines is on its march. All along the front the machines are advancing. It is hot and heavy work, for the sun is powerful in these regions, and there is no shade. The boss scans the men at their tasks, and in a few minutes, spurring his horse, may be far down the line, directing the labors of other hands. The sight is unique, for in no other part of the world can such a wheat field be seen as in Dakota.

PICTURES FROM MORMON LAND.

One will see by looking at Mr. Graham's sketches that there are parts of Salt Lake City which have a well-seasoned and even venerable look. The wall which the Saints built around their town seems older than forty years, possibly because most defences of the sort are of a much greater age and suggest a time far back. Bits of this wall appear in the sketch of the Tithing Office, and in that of the former residence of the Youngs. The growths of a quick and luxuriant soil contribute also to produce the effect of age.

Out of Salt Lake City a railroad runs down to the edge of the inland sea from which the city takes its name. One travelling along this road passes through such a landscape as Mr. Graham affords us glimpses of. There are rich pastures and abundant flocks. The fruit trees bend beneath the burden of their product, and there are lines of shapely poplars which, as well as the varied coloring of the fields, remind one of the French and parts of the German country. The pyramidal heaps of salt scattered over the meadows near the lake are of simple manufacture. It is only necessary to permit shallow pools of the lake water to evaporate under the action of the sun, when the salt remains. The pyramids, into which it is gathered for convenience, are about eight feet in height.

The railroad terminates at the lake in a resort which bears to Salt Lake City the same relation that Coney Island bears to New York. It is not quite so bewildering a place as Coney Island, of course; it lacks the great elephant and some of the other reckless enterprises with which this populace is astonished and beguiled, but it is not without considerable attractions. Much of the lake scenery is very charming, and the indifferent swimmer has the advantage of a water so dense that he feels a cork-like buoyancy when he is in it, although its salty strength makes his eyes smart and his skin tingle somewhat unpleasantly. Moreover, to quote from Mr. Ernest Ingersoll's article in Harper's Magazine, fatal consequences are likely to ensue if any of the brine is swallowed; it not only chokes, but is described as fairly burning the tissues of the throat and lungs. While this occurs only in exceptional cases, some lives are thus destroyed every summer, and many persons suffer extremely from a single accidental swallow.

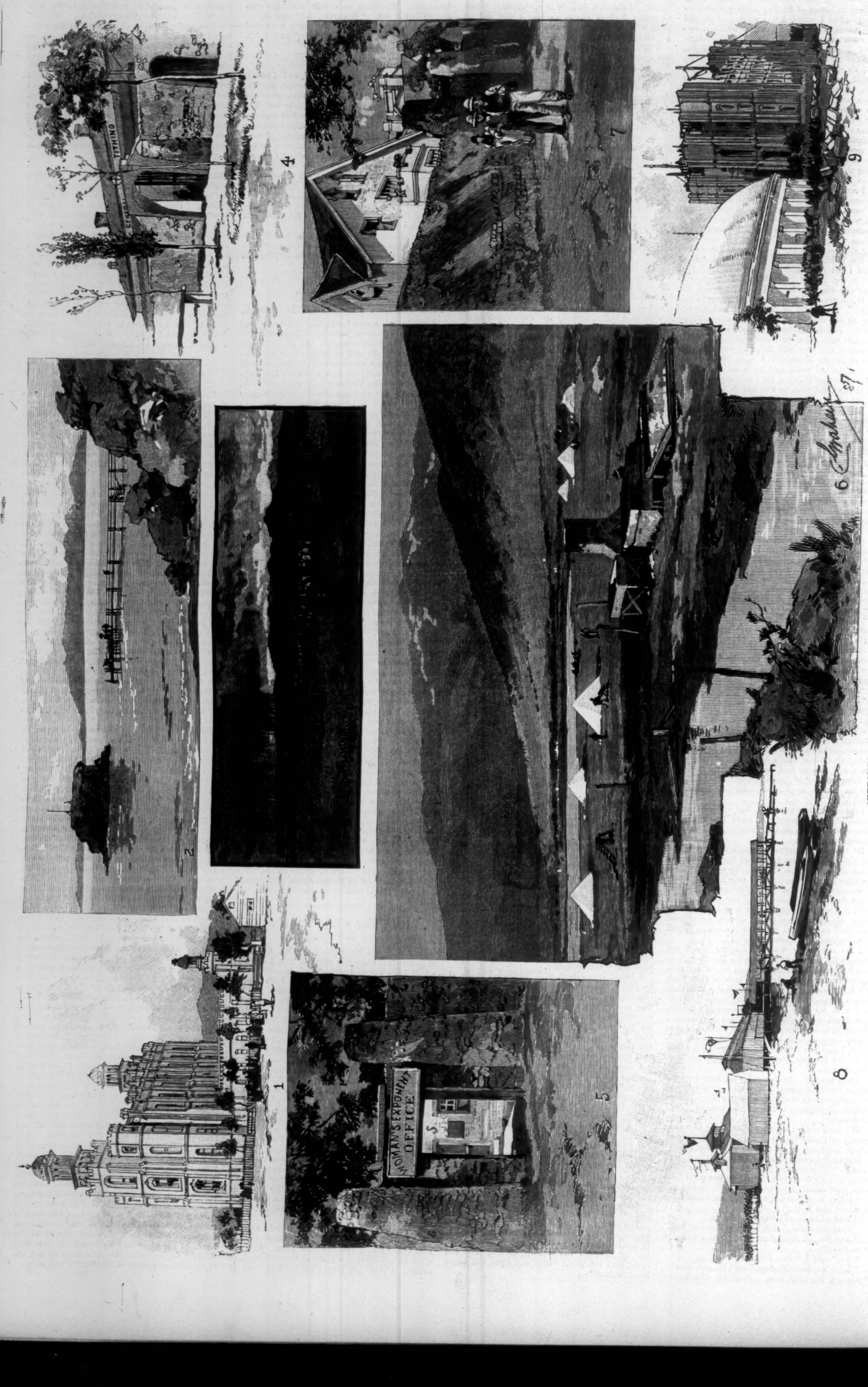
"Tithing Office" is a title with poetry in it. In other places an office with the same functions would very likely be called a tax office, but not the less the Mormon name is accurate as well as pleasing. Here the people turn in their tithes or allotted contributions for the support of the Mormon system. The "Woman's Exponent Office" is a title of less euphony, but interestingly formal and vaguely significant. The great Temple, which has been long building and is not yet completed, is a handsome and (considering the place) an ambitious structure. Its projectors intended that it should be noteworthy, and its estimated cost was ten million dollars. The broad dome of the Tabernacle is a striking object rising amid the rich foliage of the fruit trees with which every dooryard in Salt Lake City is abundantly provided. The temple at Logan is a fair sample of many scattered through the Mormon land.

MARBLEHEAD.

The town of Marblehead cannot be found at the railroad station nor in the neighborhood of the big home of the Eastern Yacht Club on the Neck. In truth, the stranger who looks for it among the summer cottages and the more pretentious houses that are occupying the sightly hills along the extensive shore line will never discover that an old town, different from anything he has seen in this country, exists under the crust with which modern life has covered it. The fishing business has gone away to Gloucester, and the big shoe factory has taken the place of the packing-house and fish-flakes. The young men and women earn their weekly wages at the bench, and the catching of cod and mackerel is for sport or for the family meal. Nevertheless the old town built by the settlers from the Channel Islands and their immediate descendants is still to be found, and it will well repay the most painstaking search. Its streets are like bird tracks. Its houses were built wherever they could be perched. Sometimes a resident may look from his perch into the chimneys of his neighbor across the way, while in contiguous streets, although one may enjoy more regularity of elevation, the front windows of one house may command a fine view of the rear of the next domicile. Up and down one goes through the streets, making abrupt turns, coming suddenly to the end of the way, and finding everywhere the salty reminiscences of the old fishermen who a hundred and fifteen years ago expressed their unavoidable disesteem and reluctant irreverence for the British Parliament.

The town is on a rocky promontory that pushes out into the sea, and makes a protecting shoulder for Salem Harbor. It looks up across the waters to the woody shore of Beverly Farms, and further on to Thatcher's Light. Over a narrow bay of its own lies the Neck, with which the town is connected by a causeway of white sand that is always cooled by the breezes that blow through Marblehead Harbor, or in from the larger expanse of Massachusetts Bay. Down from the stony point of the town side we may see stretching out into the bay the crumbling wharves of Salem, once crowded with shipping from the East Indies, and now tenanted only by cat-boats and the like small craft. In the little harbor in front of the club-house is the fleet of the Eastern Yacht Club, and off the sea-side of the Neck is what the New England people think the noblest course for racing in the country. There are very few lovelier views than those from the white light-house at the end of the Neck, one of which, that of the town, Mr. Fenn has given us in the accompanying picture. The tall towers which mark Marblehead to those who are far out at sea rise above the long level line of roofs and trees, all making a silhouette against the clear skies or the red sunsets that are characteristic of the North Shore. There is a splendid mass of color on this coast. The rocks are tinted with red, the waters are deep blue with the north and east winds, and the foliage and grass retain their freshness far toward the autumn. All about the waters that wash the shores are scattered islands whose names bear testimony to the imaginative powers of the settlers. There are Big Misery and Little Misery, Satan, and The Cat—names full of suggestiveness to men who know the perils of these seas.

A quaint people came to Marblehead from Jersey and Guernsey soon after Winthrop went to Salem, and for many years they retained their characteristic habits and speech. The latter differed from that of all the rest of New England. They got their living from the sea, because the land had nothing to yield to them—nothing, at least, until the factory took the place of agriculture. When that time came, streets were laid out with more regard to rectangles and definiteness of purpose, and modern structures hid the old cottages, as modern manners, habits, and form of speech developed the ancient mariner into the modern fisher for lobsters and the catcher of cunners and mackerel from rocks and dories. But still the flavor of the place may be found, and it is well worth a day's journey to get a taste of the antique life that lingers about the fine old town.



SKETCHES IN UTAH.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 539.]

1. Mormon Temple at Logan. 2. Black Rock and Antelope Island, Salt Lake. 3. Utah Landscape. 4. Tithing Office. 5. Woman's Exponent Office. 6. Salt Industry at Salt Lake. 7. Former Residence of the Youngs. 8. Summer Resort on Salt Lake. 9. Tabernacle and New Temple at Salt Lake.

WHEAT-HARVESTING IN DAKOTA.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 539.]

THE INDUSTRIAL SOUTH.*

THE CHATTANOOGA DISTRICT.

ALTHOUGH in travelling from Knoxville to Chattanooga, and thence to Nashville, through the heart of the coal and iron regions of Tennessee, the HARPER party found but little time for the examination of geological formations, what they saw and what they learned from reliable sources of information was more than sufficient to satisfy them that they were traversing a country of extraordinary mineral wealth and great industrial enterprise. In the most unsuspected places they came upon pig-iron furnaces in full blast, gazed into the black mouths of coal-mines or the yawning depths from which red hematite, limonite, or magnetic iron ore was being raised to the surface in vast quantities. They saw endless rows of flaming coke-ovens that reminded them of Connellsville and Johnstown, and every siding was occupied by trains of heavily laden coal or coke cars. At Chattanooga they found scores of mills, founderies, shops, and works for the utilization of pig-iron, and everywhere rose tall chimneys, while the air resounded with the metallic clang of iron-working implements. Their stay in this region was short, but it was long enough for them to become impressed with the fact that Iron is its king, and that Chattanooga is the principal seat of his dominion.

This city is a significant index to the character of present Southern development, and a monument of its industrial progress. Founded in 1836, and first called "Ross's Landing," after the famous Cherokee chief JOHN ROSS, who resided near by in a house that is still standing, the geographical position of the place at once assured its future importance. It is located on the south bank of the Tennessee River, at the only suitable ferry crossing and boat landing for a long distance either way, and directly in the line of a great natural highway north and south through the mountains, which made it the focal point for several inter-State wagon-roads, as it is now for eight trunk lines of railway. During the civil war it was the strategic stronghold for which great armies fought stubbornly; and the sides of Lookout Mountain, which overshadows the city, were the scene of the "battle among the clouds"—one of the most remarkable exhibitions of daring assault and heroic defence of the entire conflict. Chattanooga became a huge fortified encampment, and upon the proclamation of peace it was a city without houses, stores, public buildings, or people, save such scum of humanity as invariably forms the tattered fringe of great armies. It was born anew in 1866, and in 1870 had six thousand poverty-stricken inhabitants, a few hundred thousand dollars of manufacturing capital, and little else save its splendid location and the immense but undeveloped mineral wealth of its tributary territory. For ten years from the time of its re-birth the city suffered from floods, small-pox, lawlessness, and overwhelming financial disaster, but struggling bravely on, with a never-shaken faith in its own future, it finally began to lift its head from the mire of misfortune, and in 1876 to attract outside attention as the centre of a promising iron industry.

To-day Chattanooga has 30,000 inhabitants, maintains three large blast-furnaces within its corporate limits, and is the financial distributing point for a dozen more in its district. Among its industrial establishments may be numbered eight founderies and machine shops; the same number of works for the making of agricultural implements, among which is the only plough factory south of Louisville; a cotton compress; two steam-boiler shops; three rolling-mills; saw shops; a scale manufactory; car shops; the Southern Steel-works; the immense ROANE works, with a daily capacity of two hundred and fifty tons of Bessemer steel rails; two stove-works; a gigantic steam-forge, the sole representative of its kind south of the Ohio River; two immense tanneries, one of which (that of FAYERWEATHER & LADREW) is the largest in the world; the SHINKLE, HARRISON, & HOWARD pipe-works, formerly located in St. Louis, and the most extensive foundery of its kind on the continent; and a host of smaller industries. The abandoned military camp of a score of years ago has become a prosperous city of broad streets and avenues, unpaved as yet, but bounded by blocks of well-stocked stores, fine public buildings, many churches (several of which present architectural features that would justify pride in any community), two universities, and a public-school system, modelled after the best in the North, that affords ample facilities for the education of its six thousand school-children. During one week of last January real estate to the amount of over a million of dollars was sold in the city.

In its immediate vicinity are some of the grandest and most picturesque scenic resorts in the South, to many of which is attached a vivid historic interest. Lookout Mountain (to whose summit a narrow-gauge railroad has recently been built), Mission Ridge, and Chickamauga are names to be forever embalmed in the memories of Americans; and these, with a dozen other equally beautiful places, form charming objective points for walks or drives about the city. Within its limits is located a national cemetery, on whose gentle slopes, beneath the shadows of grand forest trees, sleep 13,000 Union soldiers.

Besides its mineral industries, Chattanooga has within a few years become surrounded by a system of most prolific and profitable truck and small-fruit farms. For these the soil of Mission Ridge and its adjacent flats seems peculiarly adapted, and lands which in 1880 could be bought for $10 are now worth from $150 to $200 per acre.

Thus in all directions that Fortune which for many years persistently turned away her face now smiles benignly on this city of the iron king, and more than atones for the past by the prodigality of her present favors. But one thing more is needed to entice capital more readily to its gates, and that is unobstructed water communication with the Mississippi. Even this will be provided before the close of the current year, when the government engineers shall have completed their great work at Mussel Shoals, in the Tennessee River, 195 miles below Chattanooga, thus rendering it navigable for large steam-boats from its mouth to the city and far above. This work is of such magnitude and importance that it will form the subject of a separate paper in this series of articles.

The coal-measures of Tennessee, covering more than 5000 square miles of territory, form a part of those vast Appalachian fields that extend in a southwesterly direction from northern Pennsylvania across that State, West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, a corner of Georgia, and so on down until they disappear in central Alabama. In eastern Tennessee their outcrop is on the Cumberland table-lands, where, elevated above the drainage-level of intersecting valleys, the beds are accessible by drifts, that can be easily worked, drained, and ventilated. From Cumberland Gap to Chattanooga, and for 150 miles further south, coal exists in a continuous deposit of from one to three workable veins, lying above drainage, and so situated as to be mined at the minimum of expense.

Following the general trend of these vast coal-fields for seventy miles, and bisecting them with a broad valley of easy grades, is the Sequatchie River, which joins the Tennessee twenty miles west of Chattanooga. On the eastern slopes of this valley, and continuing along its entire length, are rich beds of red hematite iron ore in seams that average five feet in thickness. These veins and their enclosing walls of green shale lie one above the other like the crumpled leaves of an ill-used book, until in some places they are pitched in sharp anticlinal ridges, and in others sunk in deep troughs or valleys, but always with exposed edges readily discovered and easy of access. Between these ore beds and the coal-measures lies a most excellent quality of limestone, containing ninety-six per cent. of carbonate of lime. Here also is found a dolomite holding twenty-five per cent. of carbonate of magnesia, and invaluable in certain processes for the dephosphorizing of pig-iron. Thus in this favored valley exist the extraordinary conditions of a mild climate, fertile soil, and salubrious mountain air; easy grades and every facility for railway construction; a navigable waterway; a good quality of coking coal on one side, a superior quality of iron ore on the other, the best of fluxing material between them; thousands of acres of magnificent forest timber clothing its hill-sides, adjoining districts rich in the diverse ores needful for admixture with its own product, and a home market with a daily increasing demand for vast quantities of pig-iron. A more perfect combination of natural advantages for the production of iron and for its manufacture into various useful forms cannot be conceived, and that capitalists did not long ago pour their treasure into this region can only be because of their ignorance of its existence and capabilities.

The development of the resources of the Sequatchie Valley and its adjacent districts has, however, been begun, and is being rapidly pushed by the Tennessee Coal, Iron, and Railroad Company, who are among the largest coal and iron producers of the South. At the mouth of the valley, on the north side of the Tennessee River, they have located the town of South Pittsburg, which has every promise of becoming one of the great iron markets of the country. Here, on a strip of level bottom-land two miles wide, bounded on one side by a deep navigable river and on the other by a range of high protecting hills, in the midst of what was an extensive peach and apple orchard, the company is building a third blast-furnace, in addition to the two already erected, and a village of comfortable cottages for their employés. Two more furnaces are to be built by the Sequatchie Valley Iron and Coal Company, a sad-iron (flat-iron) works and a saw-mill are already in operation, a brick-yard has been opened, stove-works, pipe-works, and a planing-mill are in process of erection, and the proprietors of several Northern establishments of similar character have already selected sites, and propose to remove their entire plants to South Pittsburg as soon as possible. The embryo city is connected with the outer world by a branch of the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis Railway, which extends on up the Sequatchie Valley to Inman, and it expects shortly to enjoy the advantages of a through east and west line from the Memphis and Charleston Railway. The town already contains good stores, a bank, two churches, and free schools for both white and colored pupils, has water-works that, with a 400 foot head, furnish an abundant supply of spring-water to every house within its limits, and a well-arranged sewage system. Its ordinances prohibit the sale of liquor, and a stipulation to the sale of town lots prevents any building from occupying more than half the land belonging to it, thus assuring to all ample room for light and ventilation. On the heights immediately back of the town, and at an altitude of 1200 feet above it, are several of the grandest outlooks of the entire Cumberland range, and innumerable breezy sites for the location of summer cottages, several of which have already been thus occupied.

Further up the valley, at Inman, the company is operating extensive iron mines that give employment to 200 laborers, and it is about to open new coal-mines and establish coke-ovens that will employ 600 more. At Cowan, a small station on the railway about forty miles from South Pittsburg toward Nashville, they have another fine furnace, which they call the Sewanee. It is heated by Whitewell stoves, supplied with all modern improvements, and has a daily capacity of 100 tons of pig-iron.

From Cowan a branch line of railway climbs and winds for thirty-five miles up into the Cumberland Mountains to Tracy City, a coal-mining town of 2500 inhabitants, located 2200 feet above sea-level, and almost entirely owned by the Tennessee Coal, Iron, and Railroad Company. The ride to Tracy City is full of interest, and offers many charming views of the pleasant valley lying far below the railway. Among the villages passed on the way are Sewanee Mountain and Mont Eagle. The former is the home of the Episcopal Bishop of Tennessee, the seat of a flourishing Episcopal college, and a delightful summer resort, largely patronized by Southerners. Mont Eagle is the site of extensive assembly grounds and buildings for the use of an annual summer gathering similar in its aims and management to that of Chautauqua. Tracy City is also an attractive place of summer resort, and is surrounded by exquisite bits of mountain and forest scenery, offering pleasant terminations for walks or drives.

Mining operations were begun here nearly thirty years ago, but only since the war, and under the management of Superintendent NATHURST, have they been conducted on a large scale. Since 1880 the average annual shipments of coal from this locality have been 150,000 tons, and of coke 105,000 tons. At present the daily output of coal is 1400 tons, and the daily product of 48-hour coke from the 530 ovens belonging to the company is 900 tons. In the four mines now being worked nearly a thousand men are employed, and of these 320 are convicts, whose labor is confined to the Lone Rock Colliery, and who have no intercourse with the free laborers. The convict camp, which is maintained by the company, is a primitive structure of logs and rough boards, guarded by men armed with shot-guns and perched in sentry-boxes built above the several angles of the walls. It is bright with whitewash frequently renewed, and is a marvel of cleanliness and rude comfort. The coarse food of the convicts is sweet, wholesome, and well cooked, each prisoner sleeps in a cell by himself, and the nightly removal of clothing is compulsory, as is the weekly bath, for which ample facilities are provided. The hospital is warm, sufficiently ventilated, and has a well-filled pharmacy and small library attached to it. In most of these respects this camp is worthy of notice as differing materially from many similar institutions of the South. For its free laborers at this place the company has organized a Building Association, by means of which it aids every man who wishes to own his house and plot of ground. It has also established schools, and aided in the building of churches. The coal of the Sewanee seam, which is penetrated by the Tracy City mines, is of a superior quality for coking, and from this point is furnished all the coke used in the Cowan and South Pittsburg furnaces.

Many other coal, iron, furnace, and lumber companies are busily developing the enormous natural wealth of the Chattanooga district, but it still offers ample space and rich returns for the investment of capital and the establishment of intelligently directed industries. The coal alone contained in the Cumberland plateau is estimated to cover 3000 square miles, with 5000 tons to the acre, and at the present rate of mining the vast ore beds contiguous to it could not be exhausted of their treasures in a thousand years.

Mr. DE THULSTRUP's picture in the accompanying Supplement illustrates a pleasant incident in the stay of the HARPER party under the hospitable roof of General W. H. JACKSON, the owner of Belle Mead Farm, a few miles outside of Nashville. General JACKSON's stable furnished horses for the entire party, and his kennels an ample supply of hounds. The deer was found on the estate, and an exciting chase, of which Mr. DE THULSTRUP has given a spirited rendering, wound up one of the most enjoyable days spent by the party in the South.

KIRK MUNROE.

* The previous articles and illustrations of this series were published as follows: Lynchburg, Virginia, in No. 1563; Richmond, Virginia, in No. 1569; Danville, Virginia, in No. 1571; Atlanta, Georgia, in No. 1573; Augusta, Georgia, in No. 1575; Birmingham, Alabama, in No. 1579; North Carolina, in No. 1581; Knoxville, Tennessee, in No. 1585; Nashville, Tennessee, in No. 1590; and Mobile and Montgomery, Alabama, in No. 1595, of the WEEKLY. Copies of these issues will be sent on receipt of a remittance covering the cost of the number required.

A SHAKESPEARIAN SCHOLAR.

WILLIAM JAMES ROLFE, who in 1882 became president of the Martha's Vineyard Summer Institute, and on whom in June last was conferred by the University of Vermont the degree of Doctor of Letters, is known chiefly and widely throughout this country as a Shakespearian scholar, and the course of his life has had some interesting phases. Though born at Newburyport on December 10, 1827, much of his boyhood was passed at Lowell, at the high-school, in which place he was prepared for college. In 1845 he entered as a Freshman at Amherst, and remained in college three years, having for a chum J. H. SEELYE, afterward president of the college. Leaving Amherst, he became a teacher in Maryland and Massachusetts, finally going to Cambridge in 1862 as master of the high-school. Cambridge continued thenceforth to be Mr. ROLFE's home, though it is nineteen years since he ceased to be master of its high-school.

Already his mind had turned to literature as a special field of study, and in 1865 he had brought out a *Hand-Book of Latin Poetry*, and in 1867 an edition of CRAIK's well-known *English of Shakespeare*. SHAKESPEARE henceforth absorbed Mr. ROLFE's attention for many years—to how great an extent a glance at HARPER & BROTHERS' catalogues will readily disclose. Two years after giving up his position in Cambridge he had ready a school edition of *The Merchant of Venice*, the success of which led him to bring out subsequently editions of *The Tempest*, *Julius Cæsar*, and *Henry VIII*. Mr. ROLFE had undertaken these editions with no expectation that SHAKESPEARE was likely to receive his constant devotion for the greater part of his remaining life. It is certainly striking that from editing CRAIK's little book while master of the Cambridge school he should have been led to undertake an enterprise which has brought substantial reputation to himself, and has so considerably enlarged public knowledge and appreciation of the greatest of our English poets. His first ambition had been simply to meet the wants of schools, and accordingly he had chosen the plays most in use in schools. At best his prospective list embraced not more than half a dozen plays. But the success of these soon made it obvious that a complete edition of SHAKESPEARE was called for. Thus from the small beginning made in 1870 his work was extended in the course of the succeeding decade and a half to forty volumes. No American edition of SHAKESPEARE has enjoyed a like success. Four years ago, when the last volume of the forty was only in press, the sale of the thirty-nine others had reached nearly a quarter of a million volumes. On the completion of the final volume the work was first offered in complete sets of twenty volumes, and was called the Friendly Edition, but it had already become something quite apart from a school publication. Its popularity, indeed, had amply shown to what large extent it was read and valued by the general public.

Mr. ROLFE has been an active worker in other fields of literature, as the HARPERS' catalogue will further show. In the series of "Rolfe's English Classics" are included *Goldsmith's Select Poems*, *Gray's Select Poems*, *Browning's Select Poems*, and BROWNING's *Blot in the 'Scutcheon, and Other Dramas*. Elsewhere, at various times, Mr. ROLFE has also published editions of SCOTT's *Lady of the Lake*, *Marmion*, *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, of separate works by TENNYSON, and of BYRON's *Childe Harold*.

Though Mr. ROLFE was not graduated at Amherst, both Harvard and Amherst have conferred upon him the degree of A.M., Harvard in 1858, and Amherst subsequently. At the suggestion of President SEELYE, Amherst has also enrolled him among the regular graduates of 1849.

URIEL CROCKER.

URIEL CROCKER, who died on July 19 at his summer home in Cohasset, Massachusetts, was the oldest publisher in New England. His age was ninety years and ten months, having been born at Marblehead on September 13, 1796. In his fifteenth year he was taken to Boston by his father and apprenticed to SAMUEL T. ARMSTRONG, printer and bookseller. He had served for two months as Mr. ARMSTRONG's "devil," when another lad, named OSMYN BREWSTER, came into the office, and succeeded him in the duties of that vocation, young CROCKER taking a step upward. For seven years these two boys worked together as printers, and finally, in 1818, they purchased an interest in Mr. ARMSTRONG's business. Later on they acquired sole possession, under the firm name of CROCKER & BREWSTER. It is curious that the articles of this celebrated partnership were drawn up by JEREMIAH EVARTS, the father of the senior Senator from New York.

CROCKER & BREWSTER for more than half a century were leading men in the business of publishing books. Their reputation was continental. Religious and educational books were their specialties. Scott's Family Bible, in six volumes, was one of their famous enterprises, and another was Andrews and Stoddard's Latin Grammar. They had so large a trade here in New York that a New York branch office was maintained, and when they finally sold it out the purchasers were JONATHAN LEAVITT and DANIEL APPLETON, the founder of the house of D. APPLETON & CO. For many years it was Mr. CROCKER's habit to make a business journey in the fall to Portland and Augusta, and in the spring to New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, using up a month in each trip. Here in New York he was usually joined by JAMES HARPER. They travelled on a steam-boat owned by Commodore VANDERBILT to Brunswick, New Jersey, thence by stage to Bordentown, and by steamer down the Delaware to Philadelphia. For fifty-three years CROCKER & BREWSTER occupied the same premises in Boston; and when they concluded to move they moved one door only. Finally, in 1875, they sold out to H. O. HOUGHTON & Co.

Mr. CROCKER was concerned in other weighty enterprises besides publishing. He was an active promoter of the Bunker Hill Monument project, and raised $40,000 for the purpose. For fifty-three years he was a member of the Monument Association. When the monument was ready for the capstone Mr. CROCKER allowed himself to be used as a test weight for the hoisting apparatus that was to raise the stone. From the ground he was thus hoisted by the derrick to a point about twenty feet above the top of the monument. He was interested in various railroads—was an original organizer of the Old Colony, and the only surviving member of the first Board of Directors, a Director of the Concord Railroad, and Director, Vice-President, and President of the Southern Pacific. He was also interested in hotels, having been an original stockholder of the Revere House, and its President since it was built in 1855. He was a CLEVELAND Republican, having previously voted the Republican ticket from the time the party was organized.

Mr. CROCKER's life almost spans the history of printing in this country from the death of FRANKLIN to our own day. When he was born, FRANKLIN had been dead only six years. FRANKLIN's own life takes that history back to the year 1706. Another such would reach the year of the landing of the Pilgrims. Mr. CROCKER outlived many eminent publishers, and it is certainly striking that JAMES HARPER was born only one year in advance of him, that JOHN HARPER was one year younger than he, that he had been an apprentice

three years when GEORGE P. PUTNAM was born, that he was within one year of the formation of the firm of CROCKER & BREWSTER when JAMES T. FIELDS came into the world, and that he had been in business for himself three years, and was twenty-five years old, when CHARLES SCRIBNER first saw the light. JAMES HARPER died in 1869, JOHN HARPER in 1875, GEORGE P. PUTNAM in 1872, JAMES T. FIELDS in 1881, and CHARLES SCRIBNER in 1871. But an older publisher than any of these would be if living now is Mr. ISAAC LEA, of Philadelphia. Five more years would make Mr. LEA a centenarian.

THE "VOLUNTEER."

THE *Volunteer* has had her trial trip. She is the last response of Mr. EDWARD BURGESS, the designer of the *Puritan* and *Mayflower*, to the continuous threats of England to take the *America's* Cup away from us by means of a better boat than any we have.

The *Volunteer* is very little bigger than the *Mayflower*, really only nine inches longer on the water-line, although her projecting bow makes her appear much longer. But apparently she is a much abler boat. She had her trial trip with ten tons less of ballast than she was designed for, and she carried her great sails—larger than the *Mayflower's*—with surprising steadiness. It must be remembered that when the *Mayflower* appeared she was extremely tender, so much so that it was doubtful even if additional ballast would stiffen her up sufficiently. Some yachtsmen have always thought that she has not yet enough.

The most interesting fact in regard to boat-building of the last few years is the evident tendency of American and English designers toward the same type. That is, our old-fashioned "skimming-dish" of a very broad beam and very small draught has grown narrow and deeper. On the other hand, the knife-edged cutter of English waters, which attained its shape greatly through the cranky set of rules adopted for measurement, has been broadening out its beam and lightening up a trifle on the ballast. The *Genesta* and the *Galatea* were both of fifteen feet beam, whereas the *Thistle* is twenty; and the *Volunteer*, although a centre-board boat, will draw as much as many of our old-fashioned keel schooners.

She is said to possess indications of extraordinary powers as a sea boat, and her speed seems to be unquestionable. One little test is perhaps worth referring to. When the *Mayflower* came out first, a boat by which her speed was measured for some time was the cutter *Huron*, a much smaller craft. In the first little chance contests between them the *Mayflower* barely came out ahead. On Thursday, at the *Volunteer's* first trial trip, she got near enough to the cutter *Bedouin*, a much faster boat than the cutter *Huron*, to show a superiority almost incredible. From all the expressions of yachtsmen who have seen or heard of her, including Captain BARR, of the *Thistle*, the chances for the *America's* Cup staying in this country were never better.

MISER FAREBROTHER.*

By B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "BLADE-O'-GRASS," "JOSHUA MARVEL," "GOLDEN GRAIN," "GRIF," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

A NEW DOMESTIC DRAMA, BY UNCLE LETH.

ON the evening of the day on which Phœbe received from her father the gift of a florin, which munificent sum he deemed to be sufficient to provide for his daughter's birthday treat to her aunt and uncle Leth and her cousins, Mr. Lethbridge wended his way homeward from the bank, indulging, as he walked, in a more than usually glowing day-dream. There exists in a great number of poor and struggling families a common sympathetic legend of a relation who ran away from home when very young, who has made a fabulous fortune in a distant land, and who will one day suddenly present himself to his astonished kinsfolk, and fill their hearts with joy by pouring untold gold into their laps. This good genius is always a gray-headed old man, with bright eyes and a soul of good-nature, and is, of course, invariably a bachelor—a delightful fiction which insures comfortable portions to the marriageable girls. "The Indies" used to be the favorite locality in which the runaway uncle or cousin made and saved his fortune, but of late years Australia and America have been pressed into service. Such a legend had existed in Mr. Lethbridge's family when he was a youngster; and as he now walked toward Camden Town, who should turn up—in his dreams—but a fabulously wealthy old gentleman, who had come home for the express purpose of presenting Mr. Lethbridge with no less a sum than twenty thousand pounds? Here was a foundation for the day-dreamer to work upon; but it was not all. There was a most important connection nearer to his heart, and altogether of a more tangible character. Among the friends of the family was a certain Fred Cornwall, a young barrister waiting for briefs, regarding whom Mrs. Lethbridge had more than once confidentially unbosomed herself to her spouse to the effect that she was certain "he came after Fanny." Up to the present moment, supposing that Fred Cornwall had really any serious intentions, this was as far as he had got; but it was far enough for Mr. Lethbridge. The slenderest foundations were sufficiently strong for his castles. Now, on this evening, Fred Cornwall was abroad on a little summer trip, and before Mr. Lethbridge had started for his bank in the morning his wife had whispered to him that Fanny had received a letter from Fred. What more was wanting for fancy with open eyes in London streets?

He has left the bank. They gave him a dinner and a testimonial on parchment, and another in gold, which he carries in the left-hand pocket of his waistcoat. It was the pleasantest affair. Such things were said of him! And the choicest flowers from the banquet table were sent by hand to his wife and daughter. Simply to think of it made the tears come into his eyes.

He has bought the lease of the dear old house in Camden Town. He has no ambition to live in a better, despite the fact that he is master of twenty thousand pounds. Well, not quite so much, perhaps, because there was the lease to pay for, and the smartening up of the house, and some new furniture to buy for the best rooms. But quite enough, quite enough.

There is still something to do before the new arrangements are completed, and for this purpose he and his wife and Fanny are jogging along happily through fashionable thoroughfares, where the tradesmen have provided in their windows a veritable Aladdin's cave for their entertainment, and wherein the ladies of his family, intent upon killing two birds with one stone, have decided to indulge in a "little shopping"—of all female occupations the most attractive and fascinating.

In Regent Street whom should they meet but Fred Cornwall? Here he is, face to face with them. Mr. Lethbridge greets him cordially.

"Hallo, Fred! Who would have thought of seeing you? Why, where have you been these last three weeks? On the Continent? Of course, of course—I remember your telling us you were going. Enjoyed yourself, I hope? Yes! Very glad, very glad. How brown you look! When did you return? A few hours ago only—ah! Come round and see us this evening. You intended to! That's right. You'll see an improvement—we've been buying some new furniture and doing up the house. Do you know anything of roses, Fred? I want to put up a few dozen in the garden: I've got some apple and pear trees in already. Our own fruit next year, Fred. Fact is, I've had a windfall. Ever heard me tell of a relation of mine who ran away from home when he was a boy, and who made a great fortune abroad? Well, to our astonishment, he turned up a little while ago, and behaved most handsomely to us; so handsomely, indeed, that I've resigned at the bank. No occasion to work any more, my boy; can take it easy. Pleased to hear it? Of course you are. It makes no difference in us, Fred. We're just the same as we always were—just the same—just the same. Now how about the briefs, Fred? Are they rolling in? No! But of course you must wait, as I have waited. Don't be discouraged, my lad! Hope—hope—hope; that's the best tonic for youngsters. Perhaps I may put something in your way. Anything particular to do this morning? We are making a few purchases, and, now I think of it, I have heard Fanny say, repeatedly, that your taste in ladies' dress is perfect. What are you blushing for, Fanny? Give Fred your arm. I have no doubt he will be happy to accompany us."

Mr. Lethbridge's day-dream was here snapped in the middle. He was recalled to earth by a clap on his shoulder and the sound of a mellow voice.

"The very man I was coming to see! How are you, Leth, old man?"

The mellowness of the speaker's voice was matched by the mellowness of his personal appearance. Good spirits and good-nature oozed out of him. His clean-shaven face was round and rubicund; his eyes had a cheery light in them; a jolly smile hovered about his mouth. He was a large man; his hands, his nose, his head, were massive—it is the only word that will describe them. But nothing in him was out of proportion, and the geniality and jollity of the man were in keeping with his physical gifts. As there is no occasion for mystery, he may at once be introduced, "Mr. Kislingbury—the reader."

A famous man, Mr. Kislingbury, as you know. He has not afforded you opportunities innumerable, of which, as a sensible man, you have taken full advantage—for it is not to be doubted that you are an enthusiastic play-goer—for hearty laughter? Has he not made your sides ache this many a time and oft; and have you not gone home the better for it? Is there not something so contagious in the merry notes of his rich voice that your mouth wreathes with smiles the moment it reaches your ears? Yes, everybody knows Kiss—though his name be Kislingbury, he is never spoken of but as Kiss by his friends and the public—and everybody has a kindly feeling toward him. With reason. His humor is unctuous, but never coarse; he bubbles over with fun, but never descends to buffoonery; great in old comedies, to the manner born, and, perhaps because of that, a little out of date. But Kiss, although fortune has not been over-lavish toward him, is contented with his lot. And he has, perhaps, a rarer virtue than all—he respects his author, and when he plays a new part and makes a hit in it, does not take all the credit to himself. This is the man who clapped Mr. Lethbridge on the shoulder in the midst of that gentleman's glowing day-dream, and cried: "The very man I was coming to see! How are you, Leth, old man?"

"Very well, I thank you," said Mr. Lethbridge, a little slowly, not immediately recognizing his friend: he was not in the habit of taking a harlequin leap out of his musings; it generally occupied him a few moments to get back to earth. "Very well, very well. Why, it's Kiss! Glad to see you, Kiss; glad to see you!"

"Day-dreaming, Leth?" inquired Kiss, merrily and kindly.

Mr. Lethbridge's flights in this direction were well known to his friends.

"Yes, Kiss, yes. Amusing myself as usual. Upon my word, I hardly know a better way of passing the time. Almost as good as a theatre."

Kiss and Mr. Lethbridge were related—second or third cousins, or something of that sort; one of those genealogical connections with mixed marriages which make the head ache—and it was from Kiss that Mr. Lethbridge obtained orders for the play. Kiss had other and nearer relations, some of whom were in the habit of visiting Mr. Lethbridge's house, where, it need scarcely be said, they were more than welcome, the younger members of Aunt Leth's family, and all her other young friends, looking up to these luminaries with a kind of awe.

"Better than a theatre, I dare say," said Kiss, heartily; "at all events, a great deal cheaper. So easy to get up your pieces, so easy to write 'em, so easy to get them played. No jealousies and heart-burnings; all plain sailing. And no rehearsals, my boy; no rehearsals"—at which contemplation Kiss joyously rubbed his hands. "Everybody pleased and satisfied with his part. Lessee, stage-manager, every soul in the place, down to the check-taker at the gallery—I should rather say up, shouldn't I?—in a state of calm beatitude. Why? Because success is assured beforehand. No expense for dresses, none for scenery. Such a first-night audience! No blackguards paying their shillings in the hope of a chance of hooting and hissing. There are such nowadays, I regret to say. Then the critics! Not at all a bad lot, Leth, let me tell you, though they have given many a poor devil the heart-ache. I often pity them for the sorry stuff they have to listen to and write about. Not a bed of roses theirs! And I'd sooner be Kiss, first low comedy, than dramatic critic of the best paper going. As you play your pieces, Leth, do you ever think of the fine notices written about 'em in the next morning's papers?"

"I seldom get as far as that," replied Mr. Lethbridge, smiling.

"Ah!" said Kiss, "that's because you have no vanity."

"I have a great deal," said Mr. Lethbridge, shaking his head.

"You're no judge of yourself: none of us are of *ourselves*. But let your mind run on it a bit; it will make your nerves tingle with delight. Not for yourself, perhaps; for others—for Aunt Leth, now; and pretty Fanny; and Bob, the rascal!"

"Yes, for them; for them!" said Mr. Lethbridge, eagerly. "I will, Kiss; I will!—that is, if it comes to me to do it. For, do you know, what you call 'my pieces' are really very curious things, not only in themselves, but in the way they happen. Quite unexpectedly, Kiss—quite unexpectedly. Now what do the critics say about the piece—just by way of example—I've been playing in my walk home from the bank? But it's rather foolish of me to ask you such a question, as you are in complete ignorance of the kind of piece it is."

"Wrong, Leth; wrong. I know a great deal about it; more than you are aware of."

"Really?"

"Really, and in very truth, my liege lord."

"Now this is interesting. It is quite a pleasure, meeting you in this way. Go on about my piece."

"First and foremost," said Kiss, "to settle the style of it. I pronounce that it is not a tragedy."

"Right; it is not."

"It is not a farce."

"Nothing like it—that is, broadly speaking."

"I am speaking broadly. It is not a blood-thirsty melodrama, with a murder in it, and a wedding; or, if not that, a pair of lovers just about to be tied together; or, if not that, a husband and wife torn from each other's arms. It amounts to the same thing, because the main point is that the man is falsely accused of the murder."

"Of course he is," said Mr. Lethbridge, "or where should we be?"

"Exactly," said Kiss, with a humorous imitation of Mr. Lethbridge's manner. "If that was not the case, where should we be? Worth considering. Perhaps worse off; perhaps better. I will not take it upon myself to judge. We are talking now of the regulation pattern—good old style, Leth, *but* old. Might stand a bad chance if it were not for the magnificent scenery and the wonderful dresses, mechanical changes, houses turned inside out, exteriors turned outside in, gas lowered to vanishing-point to assist the delusion—splendid opportunity that for the lover and his lass, in the pit! Wish I was young again, and before the foot-lights, instead of behind them, so that I might take my imaginary little girl (whom I adore, from the crown of her pretty head to the tips of her little shoes) to the pit when such a melodrama, with the lights turned down, is being played. When I say 'regulation pattern,' Leth, don't mistake me; I am not speaking against it. As for originality—well, perhaps the least said about it the better. We were rehearsing a new melodrama the other day, and the subject cropped up on the stage. The scene-painter was there, and he took part in the discussion, though he spoke never a word."

"How could he do that without speaking?"

"Well, he winked."

"I don't see much in that," observed Mr. Lethbridge, somewhat mystified.

"Of course you don't, the reason being"—and good-humor beamed in every feature of Kiss's merry face—"that you are not, like myself, a cynic."

"Come, that's good," protested Mr. Lethbridge; "you a cynic!"

"I would not have my enemies say so," said Kiss; "and don't you betray me at home. So it is settled that your piece is not a tragedy, nor a broad farce, nor a melodrama with a murder in it. Nor is it a comedy of character, bristling with smart sayings—everybody saying clever, ill-natured things about everybody else. No, Leth; *your* piece is a simple domestic drama, lighted up by the sweetest stars of life—the stars of pure love and a happy home."

"You have," said Mr. Lethbridge, stirred by the feeling which his friend threw into the words, "a remarkable felicity of expression. You are almost—a poet."

"A bread-and-butter poet, then. 'Yes; a simple drama of domestic life, upon which the stars of love and home are shining. That's what the critics say the next morning: 'It is refreshing to come across a play so sweet, so natural, so human. Here are no high flights of the imagination; no violent twisting of ordinary events to serve a startling purpose; no dragging in of abnormal, precocious children, to show how clever they are; nothing, in short, out of drawing or out of proportion. The play is an idyl, in which all that is wholesome in every-day life is brought into prominence to gladden the heart and refresh the senses. It leaves a sweet taste in the mouth, and when the curtain fell upon the delightful story, the author was called again and again, and applauded with a heartiness which must have sent him home rejoicing to the bosom of his family. We trust that the success he won and deserved will encourage him to further efforts in this direction, and that on many future occasions he will charm and beguile us as he did last night. His feet are firmly planted on the ladder of fame, and he has only to go on as he has begun, to make his name a household word.'"

"Upon my word," said Mr. Lethbridge, "you almost take away my breath."

"But am I a true diviner?" asked Kiss.

"About the critics?"

"About the piece—*your* piece?"

"You are a wizard. I think if I *were* a dramatic author I should try to write precisely the kind of play you have described. You see, there is little else in my mind. But I am afraid you are wrong about the critics."

"Not at all," persisted Kiss. "Critics are human, like other people; and search the whole world through, you will find no song more popular than 'Home, sweet Home.'"

CHAPTER X.

'MELIA JANE, GODDESS OF POTS AND PANS.

WHILE this conversation was proceeding there stood at a little distance from the speakers a man who had been walking arm in arm with the actor when the friends met, and who fell apart from Kiss when he clapped Mr. Lethbridge upon the shoulder. He was an anxious-eyed man, nervous, fidgety, with a certain tremulousness of limb and feature, denoting a troubled nature. His age was some thirty-five or thereabouts; his clothes were respectable and shabby; and although he took no part in the conversation, and did not obtrude himself, he did not remove his eyes from Kiss and Mr. Lethbridge. Kiss, turning, beckoned to him, and he joined the friends.

"You heard what we've been talking about," said the actor. "What do you think of it?"

"I wish," said the man, "that I could write such a piece."

"Ah," said Kiss, "it is easy to preach as we've been preaching, but to do the thing is a different pair of shoes. It comes by nature, or it comes not at all."

"But," said the man, "I don't believe it would be a success."

"Wait a moment," said Kiss; "I am forgetting my manners. Mr. Linton—Mr. Lethbridge."

The two shook hands.

"Mr. Linton," said Kiss to Mr. Lethbridge, in explanation, "*is* a dramatic author, and has written plays."

Mr. Linton sighed, and fidgeted with his fingers.

"Has he?" exclaimed Mr. Lethbridge. "And they have been played, of course?"

Mr. Linton sighed again, and inclined his head.

"I am really delighted," said Mr. Lethbridge. "I have never in my life spoken to a dramatic author, and have never shaken hands with one. Will you allow me?"

They shook hands again, Mr. Lethbridge effusively, Mr. Linton with mingled bashfulness, pride, and awkwardness.

"Successful pieces, I am sure," observed Mr. Lethbridge.

"More or less so," said Kiss. "We must take our rubs, my dear Leth."

"Of course, of course. We've got to take them."

"That's what I'm always telling Linton. We've got to take 'em. Why, you, now," pointing his finger at Mr. Lethbridge, "you're not a public man, and you have your rubs."

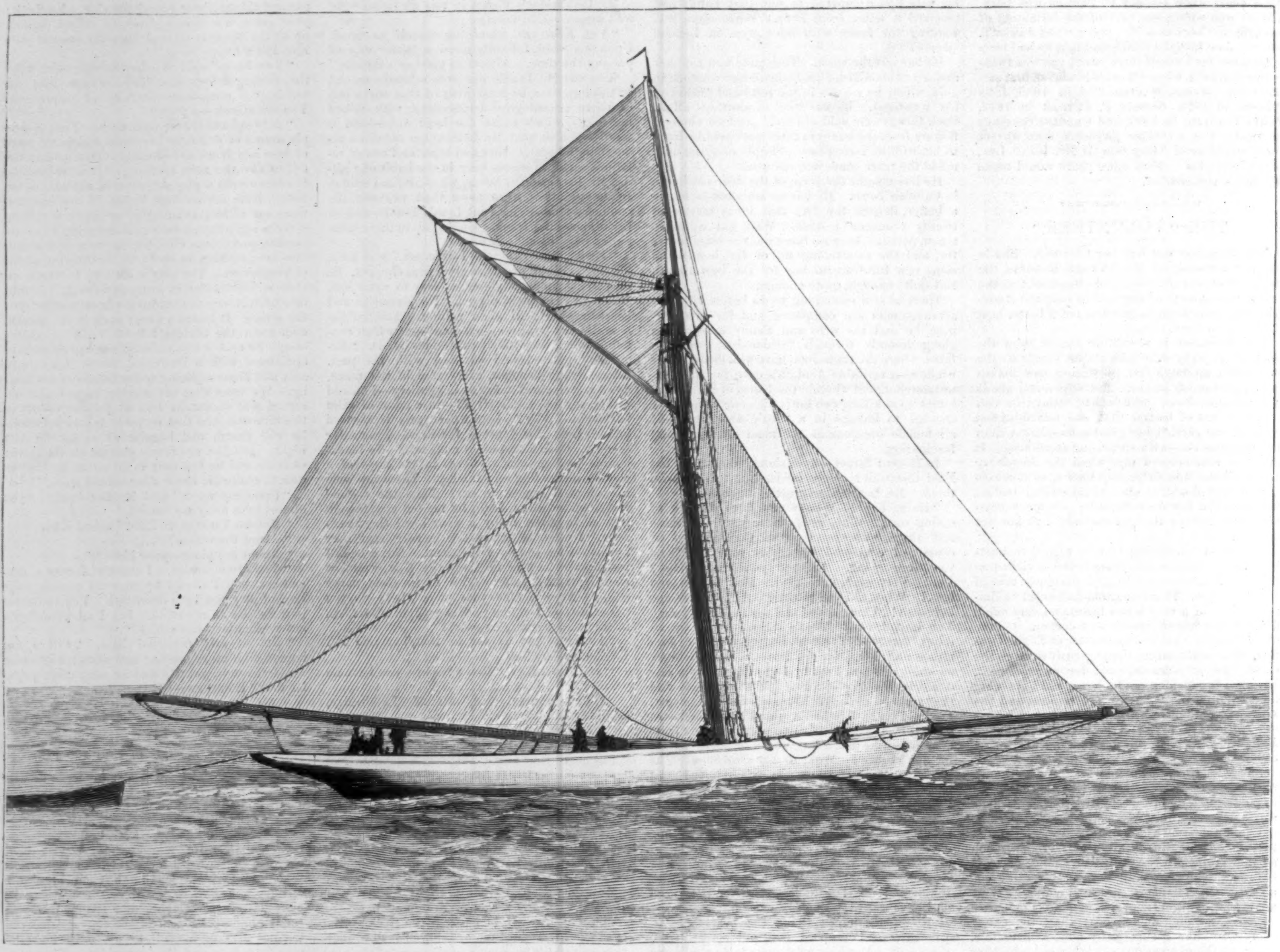
"I am not free from them," said Mr. Lethbridge, in a cheerful voice.

"There, now, Linton," said Kiss, with the manner of one who desired to point a moral, "our friend Lethbridge here is not a public man, and *he* has rubs. So you don't think his piece would be a success. Why, Sempronius?"

"An author must follow the fashion," replied Mr. Linton, "if he wants to live."

"He wants that, naturally." And here Kiss took Mr. Lethbridge aside, with, "Excuse me, Linton, a moment," and whispered, confidentially: "A little dashed. Had a knock-down blow. Last piece a failure. Produced a fortnight ago. Ran a week. I was in it, but could not save it. Consequence, out of an engagement; not serious to me, but to him—very. A man of genius; but not yet hit 'em quite. Will soon, or I'm the worst of actors. Which I am not—nor the best; but 'twill serve. Meanwhile, waiting for the spondulix to pour in, has wife and family to support. A modern Triplet. Has play which will take the town by storm. The play that failed was of a domestic turn. Very pretty; but lacked incident. Too much dialogue, too little action. He feels it—badly. Here," touching his heart, "and here,"

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1593.



GENERAL PAINE'S NEW YACHT "VOLUNTEER."—From a Photograph by Stebbins, of Boston.—[See Page 543.]

touching his stomach. They returned to Mr. Linton. "Proceed, Linton."

"The public," said Mr. Linton, "require red-fire. Give it them. They want murders. Supply them. They want the penny-dreadful on the stage. Fling it at their heads. Ah! I've not been as wise as some I know."

"In point of ability," whispered Kiss again to Mr. Lethbridge, "he could wipe out the authors he refers to. Excuse him; he is not a bit malicious or envious; but he has been stung, and he's writhing. If you heard me read the play that failed, you would require a dozen pocket-handkerchiefs. He slaved at it for eight months; and dreamt of success with empty platters on his table. I wonder if people know anything of this, or ever give it a thought? But it won't do to encourage him. It does him good to lash out; but we must not agree with him when he's wrong. In his new play there's a part I should like to take. He wrote it with me in his eye. All will come right; till the time arrives, he must grin and bear it. 'Suffering is the badge of all his tribe.' But there are big plums in the pudding, old fellow, and his day to pick 'em will come." Then he said aloud to the moody author: "Don't talk stuff and nonsense. You don't copy, as a rule; you're original, and I make my bow to you; but in what you said you *are* copying the platitudinarians. What the public want are good plays, such as you can write, and good actors, who are not so scarce as croakers would have us believe. Cheer up, Linton! Where would be the glory of success if we could have it by whistling for it? Why, here we are at your very door, Leth! Now I call that singular."

"Why?" asked Mr. Lethbridge.

"Because we were coming to see you, to ask a favor."

"Anything I can do," said Mr. Lethbridge, knocking at the door, "you may depend upon."

"I told you so, Linton," said Kiss.

The dramatic author brightened up for a moment, but fell again immediately into a state of despondency.

"You're just in time for tea," said Mr. Lethbridge, kissing his wife, who opened the door for them. "Come in, come in. I've brought you some visitors, mother."

"How do you do, Mr. Kiss?" said Mrs. Lethbridge, shaking hands with the always welcome actor.

"Mother," said Mr. Lethbridge, "this is Mr. Linton, the celebrated author."

"I am glad to see you, sir," said Mrs. Lethbridge, inwardly disturbed by the thought that she had not got out her best tea service. "Mr. Kiss, will you take Mr. Linton into the drawing-room? You are at home, you know. Fanny and Bob will be in presently. Phœbe is here, father."

In point of fact, Phœbe, Fanny, and Bob, excited by the sound of the arrival of visitors, were on the first-floor landing, peeping over the balustrade to see who they were.

"It's Mr. Kiss," whispered Fanny.

"And a strange gentleman," whispered Bob.

"Uncle Leth said," whispered Phœbe, "'the celebrated author.' I wonder if he's joking?"

"They are going to stop to tea," whispered Fanny, "and mother has sent them into the drawing-room while she gets out the best tea-things. We must go and help her."

Aunt Leth, from the passage below, coughed aloud, having detected the presence of the young people, and there was an instant scuttling away above, and a sound of smothered laughter. To Aunt Leth's relief, this was not noticed by her visitors, who made their way into the drawing-room. It was called so more from habit than because it was a room set apart for holiday and grand occasions; there was no such room in the house of the Lethbridges, which was a home in the truest sense of the word.

Aunt Leth was deeply impressed by the circumstance of having a celebrated author in her house, and when the drawing-room door was closed, she asked her husband in the passage—speaking in a very low tone—what he had written.

"Why, don't you know, mother?" said Mr. Lethbridge; but the superior air he assumed—as though he was intimately acquainted with everything Mr. Linton had written, and was rather surprised at his wife's question—was spoilt by a shamefacedness which he was not clever enough to conceal.

"No, father," said Mrs. Lethbridge, adding, triumphantly, "and I don't believe you do, either."

"Well, to tell you the truth," said Mr. Lethbridge, with a little laugh, "I don't. But he *is* very celebrated. Mr. Kiss says so. He writes plays, and his last one was not a success. It has troubled him greatly, poor fellow. Give us a good tea, mother."

Mrs. Lethbridge nodded, and sent him in to his visitors, and went herself down to the kitchen to attend to her domestic arrangements, where she was presently joined by her children and Phœbe.

"We don't want you, Bob," said Mrs. Lethbridge to her son; "go and join the gentlemen."

"I'd sooner stop here, mother," said Robert.

"Go away, there's a good boy," said the mother; "you will only put things back."

Robert, however, showed no inclination to leave the kitchen, but hovered about Phœbe like a butterfly about a flower.

"*Do* you hear what mother says?" demanded Fanny, imperiously; she was given to lord it occasionally over her brother. "Go at once, and listen to the gentlemen, and have your mind improved."

"Now you're chaffing me," said Robert, "and you know that always puts my back up."

Mrs. Lethbridge looked around with affectionate distraction in her aspect.

"Go, Robert," said Phœbe.

"Not if you call me 'Robert,'" said he.

"Well, Bob."

"All right, I'll vanish. Fanny, there's a smut on your nose."

Which caused Fanny to rub that feature smartly with her handkerchief, and then to ask Phœbe, in a tone of concern, "Is it off?" This sent Robert from the kitchen laughing, while Fanny called out to him that she would pay him for it. She laughed too, when he was gone, and declared that he was getting a greater tease every day. Presently all was bustle: the best cups and saucers were taken from the cupboard, and Phœbe, with her sleeves tucked up, was dusting them; Fanny was cutting the bread and buttering it; Aunt Leth was busy with eggs and rashers of bacon; and the frying-pan was on the fire; while, attending to the frying-pan and the kettle and the teapot, and working away generally with a will, was the most important person in the kitchen—the goddess, indeed, of that region—whose name, with a strange remissness, has not yet been mentioned—'Melia-Jane!

In these days of fine-lady-servants the mere mention of so inestimable a treasure is an agreeable thing; for if ever there was a devoted, untiring, unselfish, capable, cheerful slave of the broom and the pan, that being was 'Melia-Jane. Up early in the morning, without ever being called; up late at night, without a murmur; no Sundays out, as a law, the violation of which was a graver matter than the separation of church and state; cooking, scrubbing, washing, with a light heart, and as happy as the day is long. Could I write an epic, I would set about it, and call it "'Melia-Jane."

Not a beauty; somewhat the reverse, indeed. But "Lor!" as she used to say, scratching her elbow, "beauty's only skin-deep." Nevertheless, she worshipped it in the persons of Fanny and Phœbe, to whom she was devotedly attached. Of the two, she leaned, perhaps, more closely and affectionately to Phœbe, for whom she entertained the profoundest admiration. "Wenus," she declared, "couldn't 'old a candle to 'er." And had she been asked, in the way of disputation, under what circumstances and to what intelligible purpose that goddess could be expected to hold a candle to Phœbe, she would doubtless have been prepared with a reply which would have confounded the interrogator.

She had a history, which can be briefly recorded.

Like all careful housewives with limited incomes, Mrs. Lethbridge had her washing "done" at home, and 'Melia-Jane's mother, in times gone by, was Aunt Leth's washer-woman. She died when 'Melia-Jane was ten years old, and the child, being utterly friendless and penniless, was admitted into Mrs. Lethbridge's kitchen as a kind of juvenile help. She proved to be so clever and willing, and so "teachable," as Mrs. Lethbridge said, that when the old servant left to get married, 'Melia-Jane took her place, and from that day did the entire work of the house. For the present, this brief record is sufficient. More of 'Melia-Jane anon.

Robert burst into the kitchen in a state of great excitement.

"Mother, you didn't tell me Mr. Linton was a dramatic author. Just think, Phœbe: he writes plays! Isn't it grand?"

The girls opened their eyes very wide. There was indeed a luminary in the house, a star of the first magnitude. A dramatic author! It was enough to make them tremble.

"But why have you left them, Bob?" asked Mrs. Lethbridge.

"I was told to go," replied Robert. "They did not want me. They're talking business."

"Business!" exclaimed Mrs. Lethbridge. "What business can they have with father?"

"Perhaps," suggested Robert, "he is going to take a theatre, and Mr. Linton is going to write the plays, and Mr. Kiss is going to act in them."

"What nonsense you talk!" said Mrs. Lethbridge.

"Mother," said Robert, solemnly, "my mind's made up."

"A very small parcel," remarked Fanny, thus paying him off for the smut on her nose.

"I'm serious," said Robert; "I'm fixed—yes, fixed as the polar star. That sounds well. I shall go on the stage."

"And off again, very quick," said Fanny.

"What! turn actor, Bob?" exclaimed Mrs. Lethbridge.

"Yes," said Robert, folding his arms; "a second Irving."

"Avaunt, and quit my sight!" cried Phœbe, seizing the rolling-pin and striking an attitude.

They all fell to laughing, and 'Melia-Jane stared at the young people with her eyes almost starting out of their sockets.

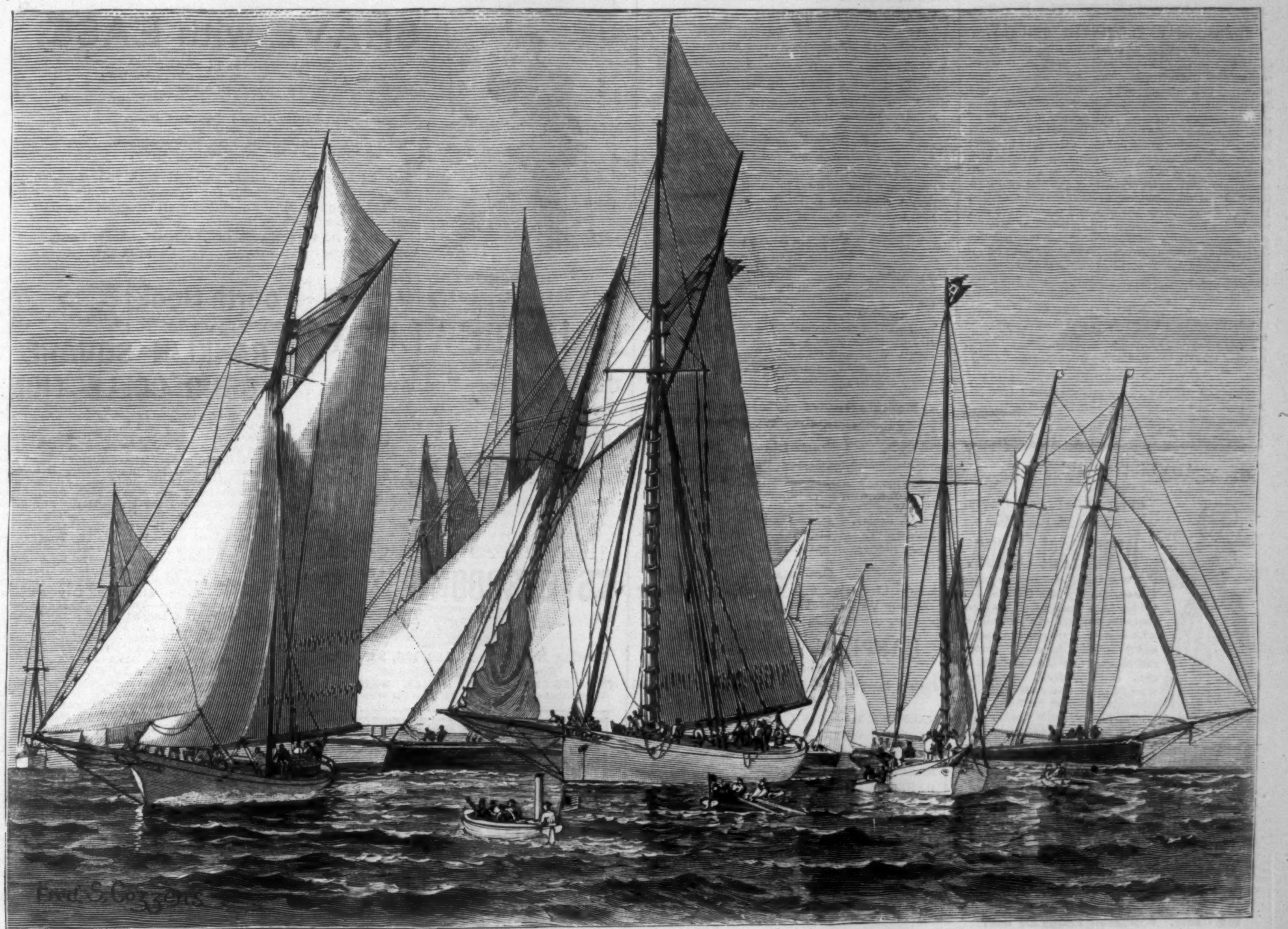
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LATE URIEL CROCKER.—From a Photograph.—[See Page 542.]

WILLIAM JAMES ROLFE, A.M., D.L., ETC.—From a Photograph.—[See Page 542.]

THE FLIERS OF THE ATLANTIC CLUB.

Below will be found portraits of those fliers of the Atlantic Yacht Club the sloops *Atlantic*, *Titania*, and *Shamrock*. Strictly speaking, only the first and last of these can be called distinctively Atlantic Club yachts, for the owner of the *Titania*, Mr. C. Oliver Iselin, is more closely identified with the New York Yacht Club than with the Atlantic. However, as all three belong to the New York as well as to the Atlantic, it may be as well to call them flying yachts, without identifying them exclusively with any club. The *Atlantic*, however, as her name implies, belongs more nearly to the club which has its head-quarters at Bay Ridge than to any other. She was originated, so to speak, at a dinner of the club intended to commemorate its twentieth anniversary. The challenge of the British cutter *Galatea* for the *America's* cup had been accepted by the New York Yacht Club, and General Charles J. Paine, of Boston, who had been one of the original owners of the sloop *Puritan*, had contracted for the building of the sloop *Mayflower*, and popular opinion was strongly in favor of the advisability of having a possible champion yacht built in New York, and from a design by a New-Yorker. In the course of this dinner some one suggested the idea that inasmuch as it was tolerably certain that the New York Club did not intend to build, the Atlantic Club should do so. The suggestion met with an imme-



Shamrock. *Titania.* *Atlantic.* *Rover.* *Grayling.*

THE FLIERS OF THE ATLANTIC YACHT CLUB.—Drawn by F. Cozzens.

diate response, and in less than a half-hour $25,000 had been subscribed, the name decided on, and a committee appointed with power to carry the design into effect.

Her record during her first year was a very fair one, but it was evident that she was not an entire success. She leaked badly, and she was not as fast as the *Mayflower*; and at the conclusion of the season she was sold for a song, as it were—hardly sufficient to pay the cost of the lead with which she was ballasted.

Among the original owners who had never lost faith in the *Atlantic* was Mr. LATHAN A. FISH, the owner of the schooner *Grayling*, and a gentleman of great experience in yachting. He still retained his interest in her, and under his direction mainly the alterations of this season have been made which have proven so successful. All of the lead which was inside the yacht has been taken out, and most of it has been bolted on to the keel outside. Her first trial was at the Decoration Day's sail of the club, and was a disappointment. She was beaten by both the *Shamrock* and *Gracie*, and the verdict was, "No better than last year." June 7, however, at the annual regatta of the Atlantic Club, she sailed against the *Priscilla* and the *Galatea*, and beat both of them with ease. Two days later, at the regatta of the New York Club, she repeated her victory over these boats, and on June 11 she again defeated them; and on June 13, at the Corinthian Club regatta, she once more beat the *Galatea*, this being her fourth victory in eight days. She will probably sail her next race August 6, at Newport, for the GOELET cup.

When the challenge of the Scotch cutter *Thistle* was accepted last fall, and the announcement was made that her building had been begun, very many yachting men concluded that she would be under seventy feet on the water-line, so as to come into the second class of sloops according to the New York Yacht Club rule, because there was no American sloop in that class except those of a former generation—the *Gracie*, *Fanny*, *Mischief*, and *Hildegarde*, and it was thought that the challenger would prefer to attack at the weakest point. Acting on that belief, the *Titania* and *Shamrock* were built, the former, of steel, by HENRY PEEPGRAS, at City Island, from a design by Mr. EDWARD BURGESS, and the other, of wood, from a design by J. ROGERS MAXWELL, assisted in the detail of drawing, etc., by Mr. H. C. WINTRINGHAM. There is no great difference in their sizes. The *Titania* is two feet longer over all and three feet longer on the water-line than the *Shamrock*, one foot wider, and a little over one foot more draught. They have met several times in competition with varying results, but the prevailing opinion among experts is that the *Titania* is a trifle the better boat. There is not, however, the slightest doubt in the minds of any whose opinion is worth anything that these two sloops are the fastest of their sizes in all the world.

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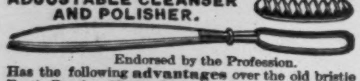

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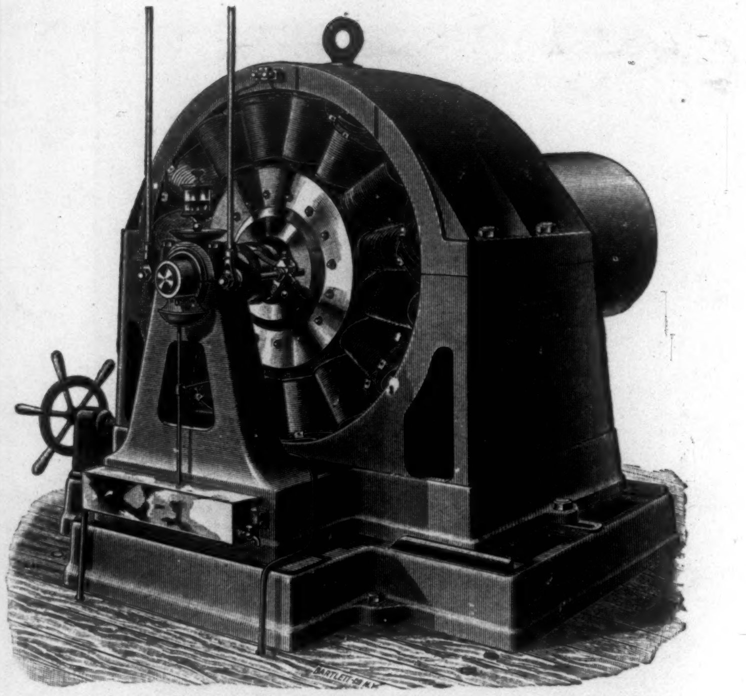

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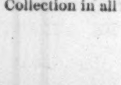

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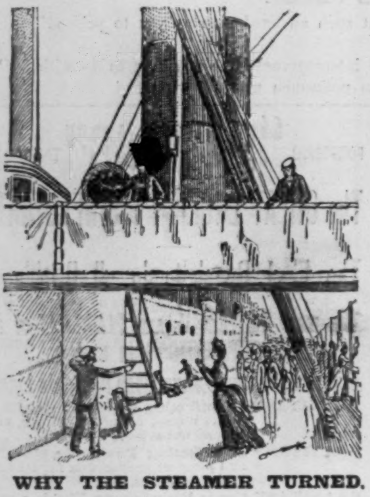

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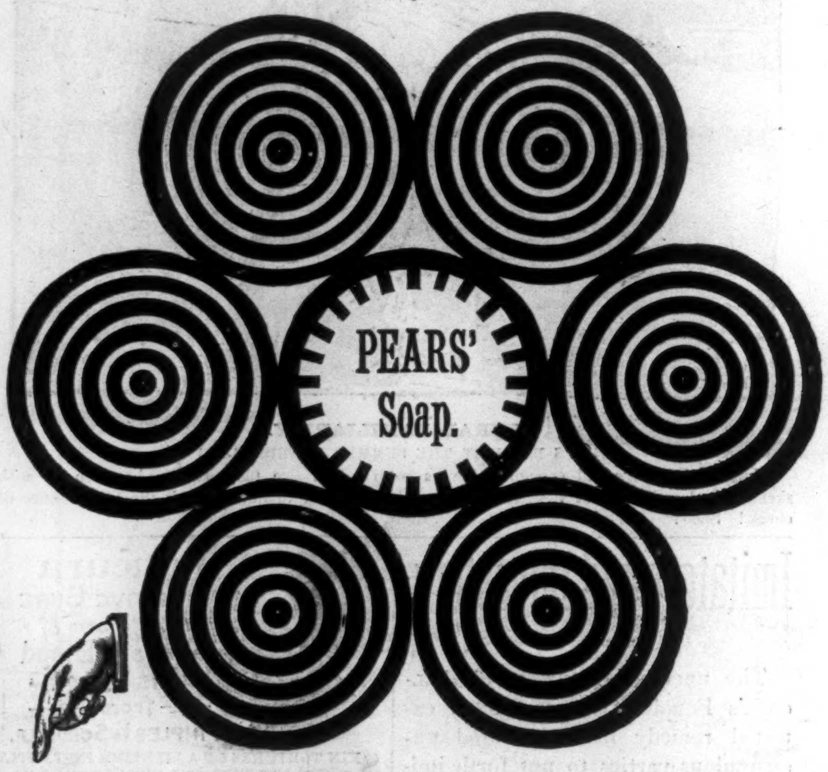

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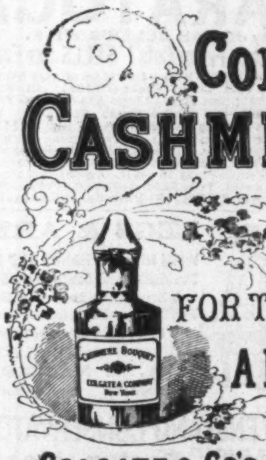

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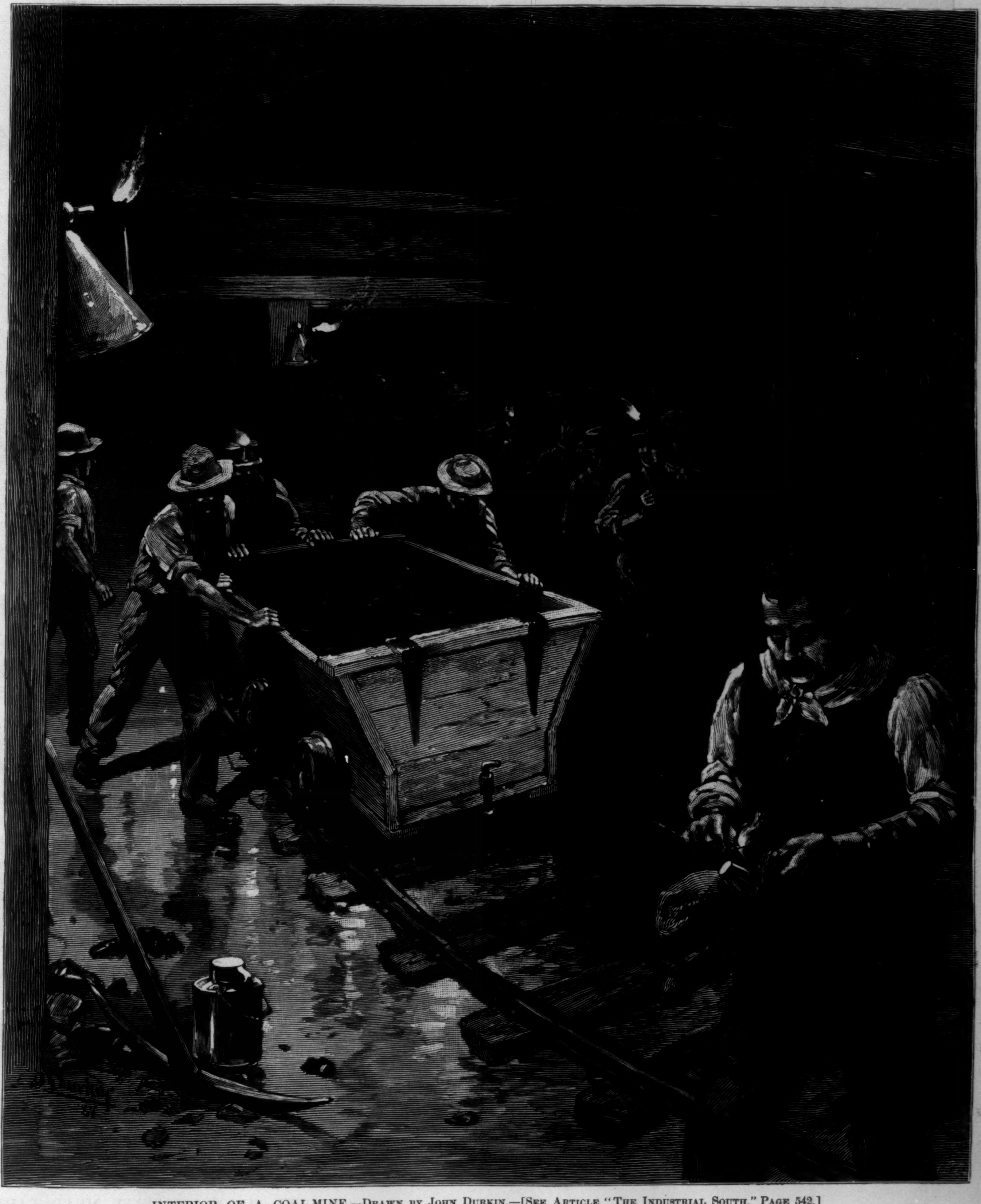

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